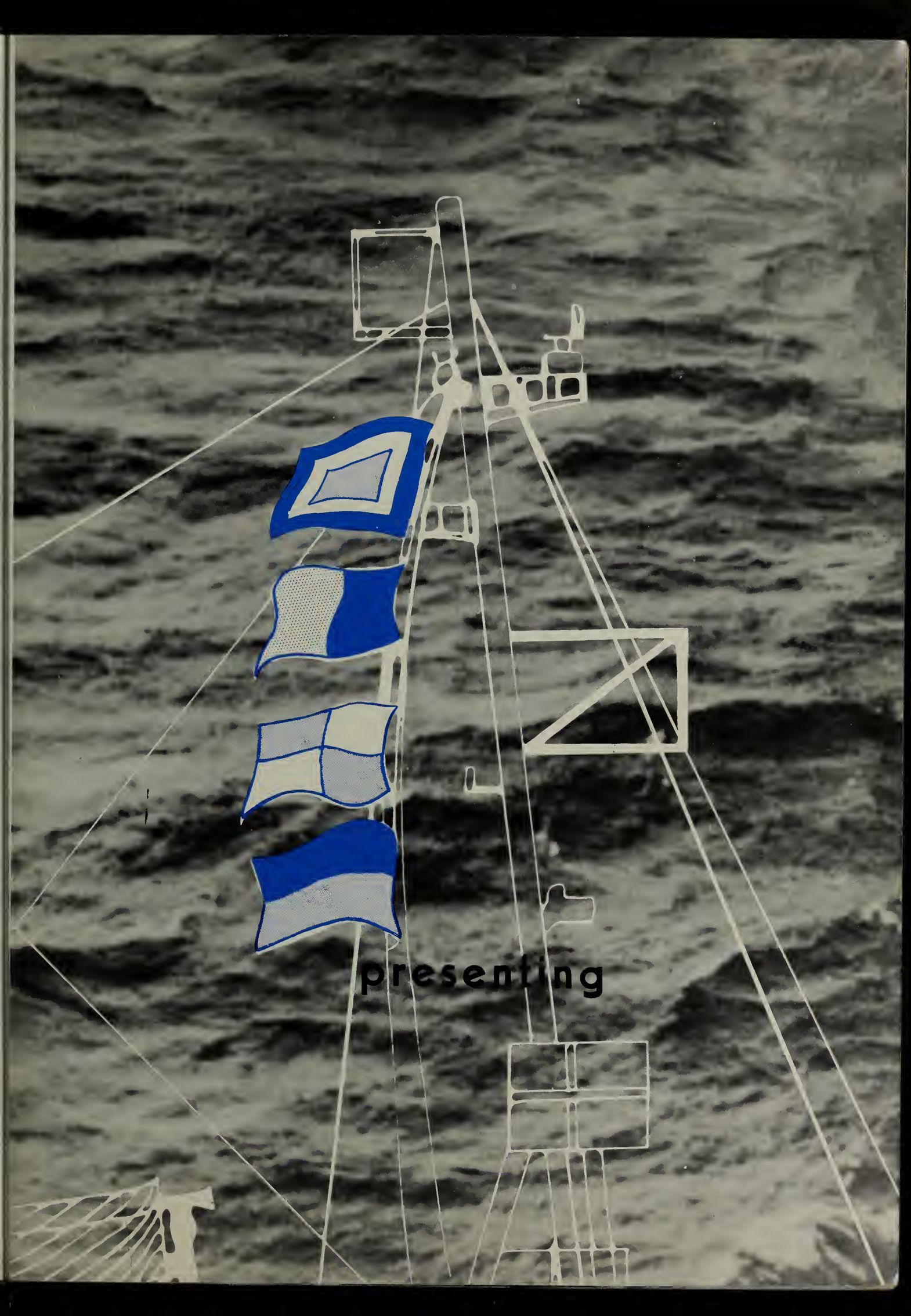
1933
MUSTER


presenting

THE 1955 MUSTER

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

"Whenever I want trouble, I can find it with The First Class Engineers!"

DEDICA

"...our respect,

Commander William J. Connors, USNR
Navigatian and Seamanship Department
Instructar af Seamanship, Rules af the Raad,
Rules af S. I.

Deceased, Jan. 2, 1987

Commander Connors was graduated from the "Nantucket" in 1932. As alumnus, he joined the staff of M.M.A. in 1940. At his country's call he served faithfully to the termination of the war and returned to become a pillar of strength at the Academy in 1946. We will remember Mr. Connors for his rigid insistence on proficiency in seamanship, Rules of the Road, Rules of S. I., and good conduct for Engineers. His wide and varied experiences, his knowledge and love of the sea, his scholarship—all contribute to both his classes and to the "Bull Sessions" of which he is frequently a central figure. Our problems are his problems. His friendly smile encourages us. In the classroom or on the bridge, he is master.

Commander Willam J. Connors, we the Class of 1955, of The Massachusetts Maritime Academy, through this, the 1955 MUSTER, salute you.

Wife of 51 years Louise Bonin Connors

Died Oct. 25, 1975

When Chief Yaindle came to us from a very strenuous tour of duty, he did not realize completely the task with which he was faced. The man whom he was to replace had been perhaps the most well liked instructor in the history of the Naval Science Department. I say "had been," for with the coming of Chief Yaindle, the popularity of Naval Science reached a new high. His sincere interest in the student body and spartan perseverance in trying to make us understand the rudiments of gunnery have won him the respect, admiration and friendship of every Midshipman in the Academy. No one felt worse than the Chief if a man failed to pass a test. We will never forget his sea stories, "Gismachees," and Mamobility.

T I O N

friendship, and admiration"

"Every day in the Navy is like Sunday on the Farm"

Chief Gunners Mate Yaindle, we the Midshipmen of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy, of the Class of 1955, dedicate this book to you. We are proud that you have been, and are, part of the school. For your friendly help, your understanding way, we are grateful. Through this the 1955 MUSTER, we salute you.

Chief Gunners Mate Ernest Yaindle, USN
Department of Naval Science
Instructor of Naval Ordnance and Gunnery

FOREWORD

It is not our purpose herein to set down all the experiences, thoughts, and activities that you have enjoyed during your years at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. What we may attempt to do is to represent graphically the environment in which you have existed. We leave to you the task of associations, for you have many and in most cases, divergent thoughts concerning your years at the Academy. Three years have passed since we entered M. M. A. as the lowest order of human species, the "Young Man". These years have gone by so rapidly that we can only pause to notice the many events that seemed so important to us at the time; the first restriction, the unpredictable wiles of the first classmen, intriguing experiences in foreign lands, formations, check musters, Captain's Mast and, the long-awaited graduation.

The MUSTER endeavors to bring to you those important events that highlightd your stay at the Academy. As you look through the book, remember the despair—too often felt—as well as the hope, and use this brief past as a lesson to secure a future brimming with optimistic success. In any case, we may only hope, with some degree of assurance, that we have represented the school as you have known it.

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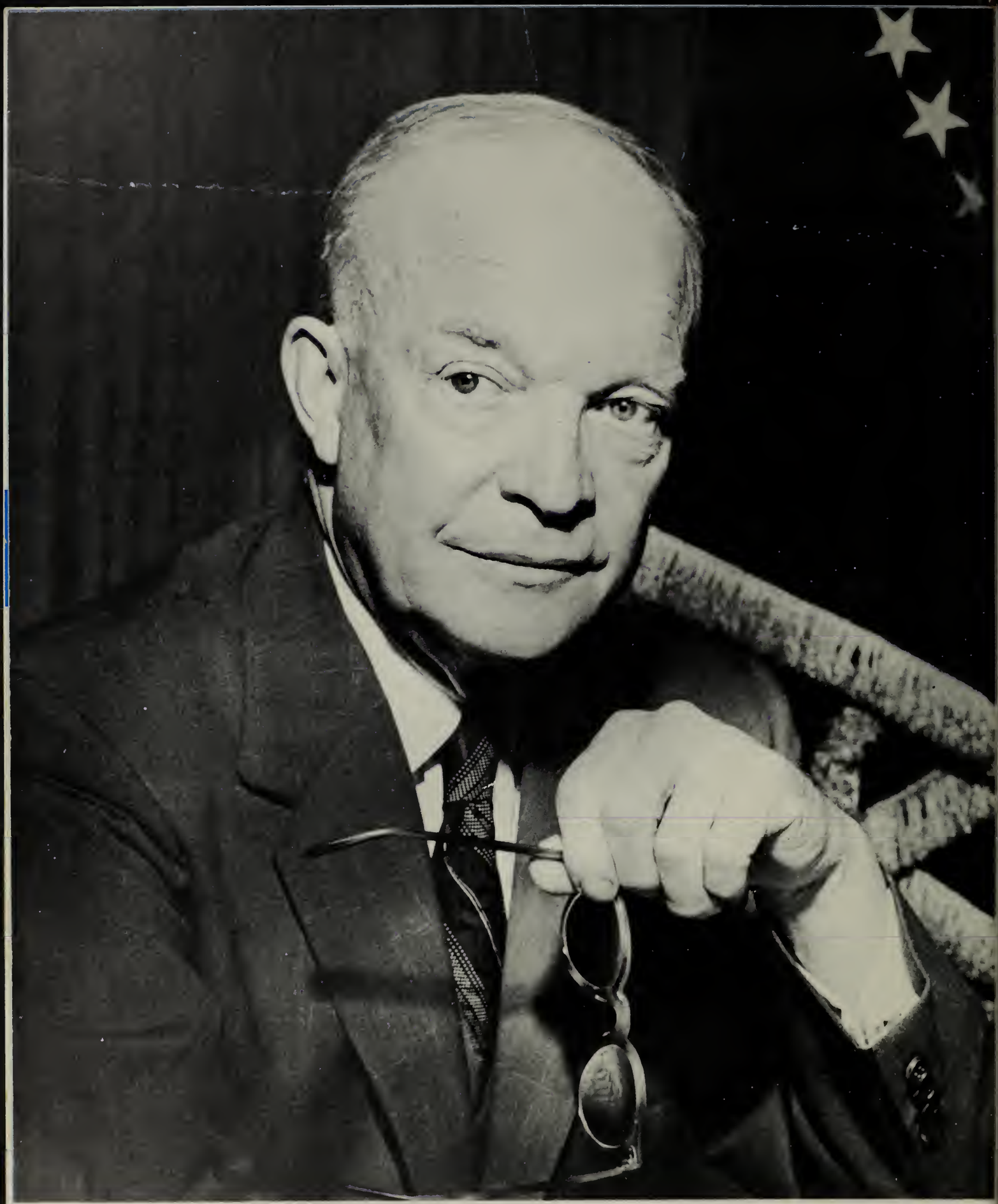


With best wishes Dwight D. Eisenhower

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 22, 1954

Dear Mr. Galanis:

It is a pleasure to acknowledge your letter of October sixth to the President, although I very much regret having to inform you that we shall be unable to forward the endorsement from the President which you request.

The President would like, of course, to provide the letter, but so large is the number of similar requests that he could not possibly comply with them all. Neither can he, in fairness, make exceptions of some.

While we are unable to comply with your request for a personal message, I am happy to enclose a photograph of the President, bearing a reproduction of his signature, for use in the yearbook "The Muster."

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Bryce N. Harlow
Administrative Assistant
to the President

Midshipman Peter L. Galanis, USNR
Editor-in-Chief, The Muster
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

Enclosure

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY
WASHINGTON

August 19, 1954

Dear Midshipman Galanis:

"The American Merchant Marine is an indispensable element of our nation's defense, fully as important and as vital as our Army, Navy and Air Force. The education you receive as midshipmen at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy prepares you to perform two important tasks - to meet your responsibilities in mercantile shipping, and to meet your responsibilities in contributing to National defense.

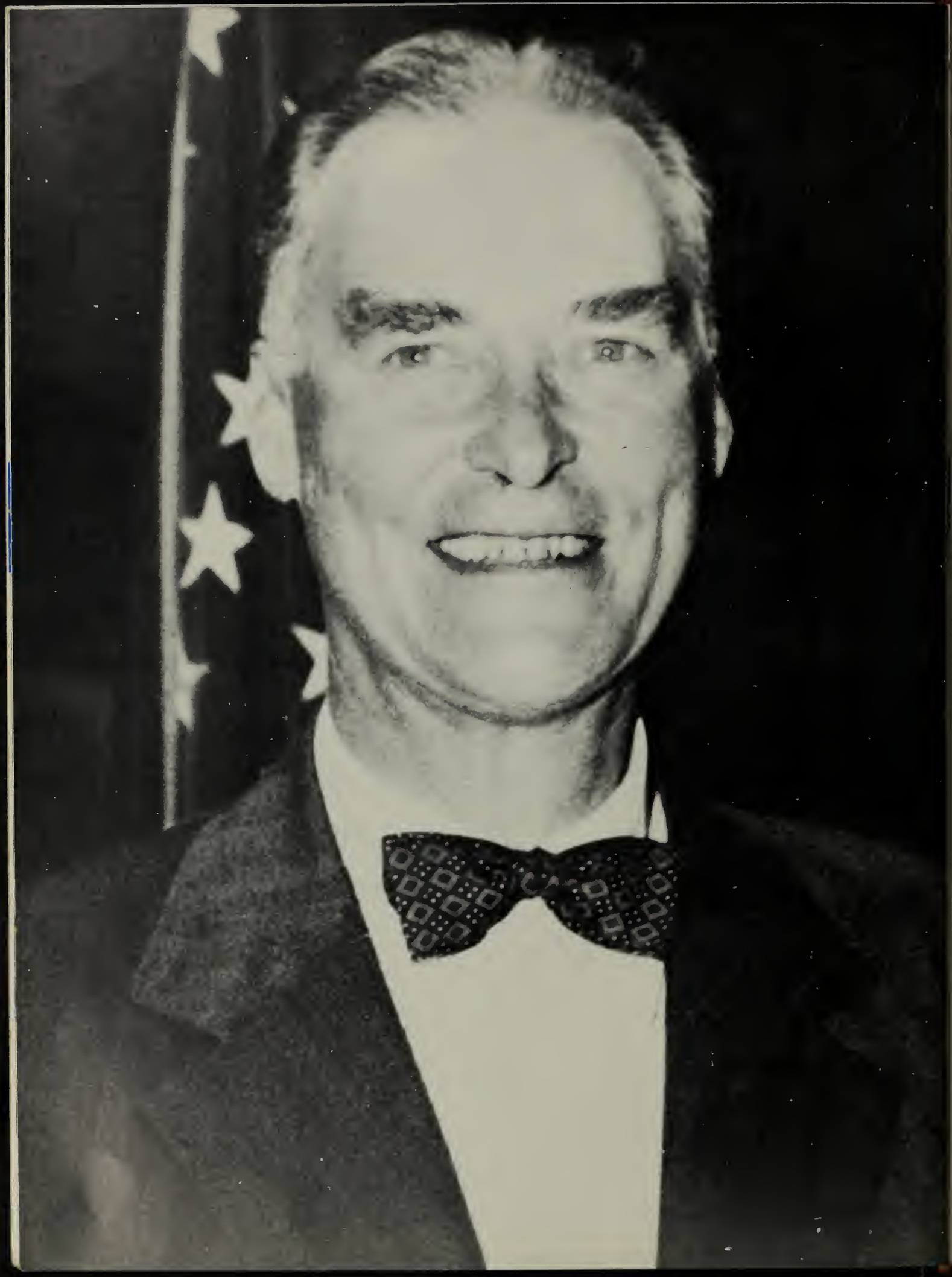
Your profession is vital to our country's prosperity and security."

Sincerely yours,

C. S. Thomas

Editor "The Muster"
Midshipman Peter L. Galanis, USNR
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

Charles S. Thomas



CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

It is a great pleasure to convey the official congratulations of the Commonwealth to the seniors of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. May I also extend my own heartfelt best wishes to all of them on the eve of their graduation.

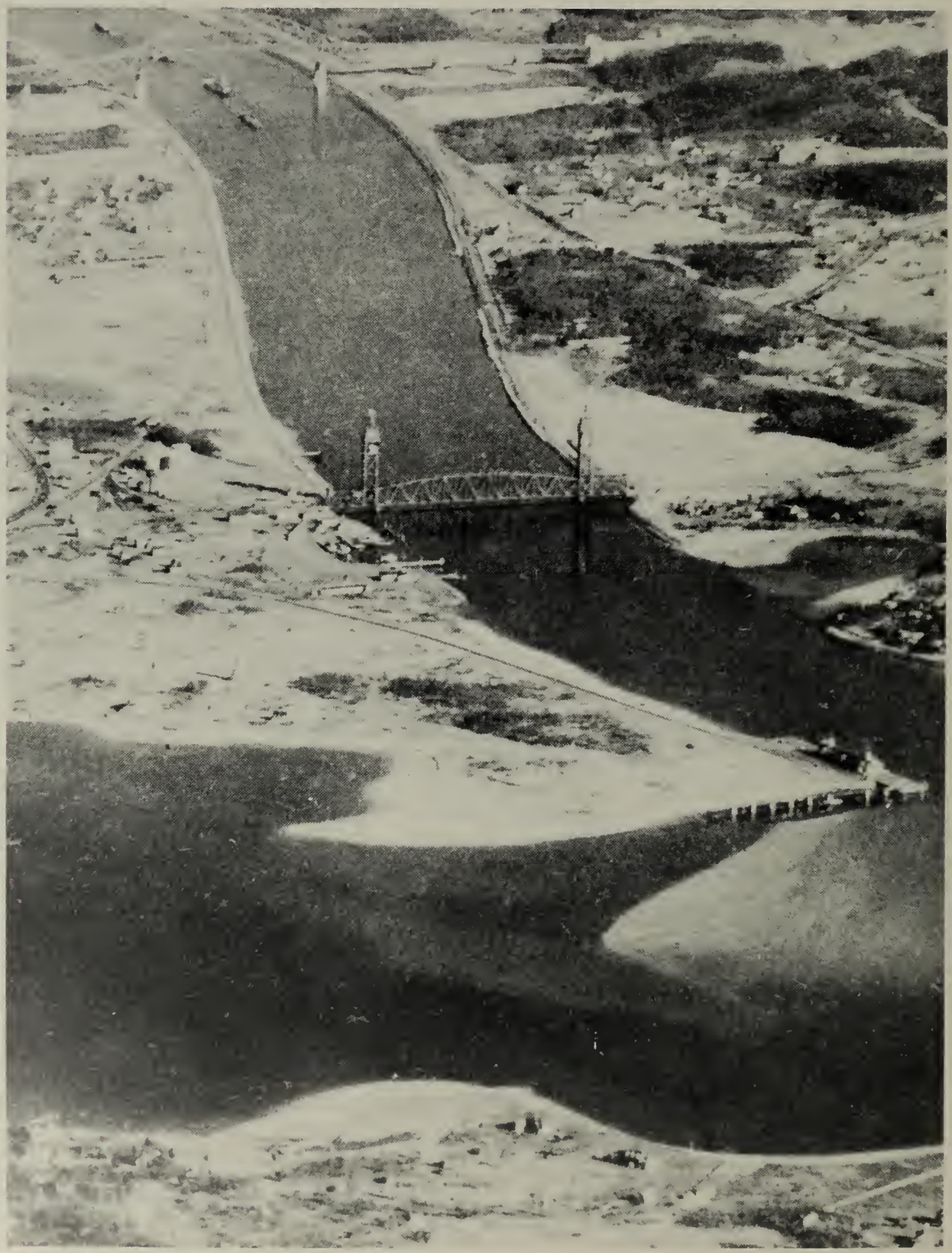
Since its inception, the Academy, a pioneer in the field of training well-qualified officers for the Merchant Marine, has sent forth many vigorous sons who have attained high places in various fields of endeavor, both in state and nation. I know that the 1955 graduates will carry the sober and heavy responsibilities of the present era with maturity, intelligence and courage.

May the future be bright and happy for all of you!

Sincerely yours,

Christian A. Herter

A HISTORY OF SERVICE....



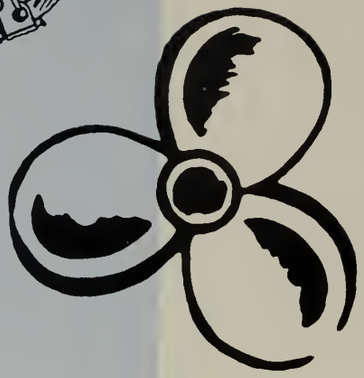
Over a century has passed since our country began to look to the sea for her livelihood. In 1891, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts became the first state in the nation to provide the Merchant Marine with trained officers.

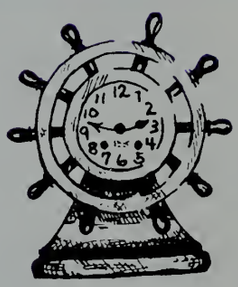
In this year the Massachusetts Nautical School, forerunner of the present day Massachusetts Maritime Academy, was established. Her first training ship was the bark "Enterprise" which for 16 years served as the instrument which helped to train young men in their future profession. Thoroughly familiar with the ways of the sea, these men went on to serve their country well in peace and in war.

In 1909 a new ship, the barkentine "Ranger" later renamed the "Nantucket", succeeded in the tradition which by now was somewhat world renowned. The "Nancy" made many world cruises planting the seeds of friendship in the many ports she touched.

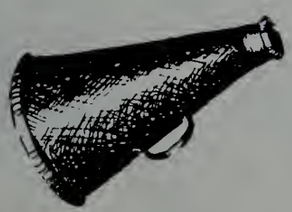
Then the modern age was upon us. It was the age of industrialization hastened to a climax by the first World War. When it was over, there followed an interim of desolation and depression. Despite attempts to abolish the school the proud canvas of the old "Nantucket" for two more decades continued to cross the oceans of the world. When there was the increasing demand for Merchant Officers, our school established a shore base at Hyannis and shortened the course.

After the war, the authorities lengthened the course to three years and a college degree was awarded to graduates. The Massachusetts Maritime Academy, as it was now called, in 1948 acquired the gunboat "Charleston". In an effort to bring ship and school together, the Academy was moved to Buzzards Bay where the ship was berthed. Plans are now being drawn up for the enlargement of the facilities at the State Pier. It is our sincere belief that so long as America maintains its Merchant Marine the Academy will produce the finest of officers to to uphold the traditions of Massachusetts as a state of seafarers.





FACULTY



The memory of these men will long live in the minds and hearts of every Midshipman. May we profit by their sage counsel and may we be the wiser for their reprimand.

SUPERINTENDENT

Rear Admiral Julian D. Wilson, USN (Retired)

After a lang distinguished service in the Navy, Admiral Wilsan was appointed Superintendent in 1949. Since his arrival he has earned the respect and admiration of all cannected with the Academy. His interest in our sacial and athletic endeavars as well as aur academic activities has shown itself in the pasition the Academy naw halds in the maritime and educational fields.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

August 15, 1955

From: Superintendent
To: The Class of 1955

Subject: Congratulations and best wishes

1. It is with sincere regret and pride that I see you about to leave our school and our ship to embark on the career that you have chosen.

2. Your classmates, your friends, and the faculty will all be interested in following your careers. Do not be discouraged if others "get the breaks" and scale the lowest rungs of the ladder more rapidly than you. Remember that the last few rungs are the ones which count.

3. Whether we are engaged in preparation for war, actual war or peace time pursuits, your education is such as to make you a valuable asset to the nation and, as has been proven by many past graduates, to yourselves.

4. I congratulate you on your successful completion of the course, and wish you good fortune and a rewarding career.

Julian D. Wilson

Julian D. Wilson
Radm U.S.N. (Ret.)

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

Captain John W. Thompson, USMS

Executive Officer of the Academy and Commanding Officer of the Charleston, Captain Thompson has become a tradition at the Academy. Since 1912, he has served at various times in every administrative capacity. He attained his present post in 1941 when the school moved ashore to Hyannis and was renamed the Massachusetts Martime Academy, a position he has since filled capably.

NAVIGATION AND PROFESSIONAL ABILITIES

Commander Richard T. Rounds, USNR
Instructor of Meterology and Navigotion
Executive Officer of the Chorleston

As head of the department of Seamanship and Navigation, Mr. Rounds is responsible for the high calibre of the many navigators who have studied under him.

SEAMANSHIP

. ABLY DEMONSTRATED

Working in conjunction with Commander Rounds are Commander Woodland and Commander Connors ably maintaining the proper decorum throughout the department. Through their knowledge we rise to greater heights.

Commander Louis A. Woodland
Instructor of Communications, Ship's Canstruction, Novigation, and the praficient Ship's Navigotar

Commander William J. Connors, USNR
Instructor of Seamonship, Rules of the Raod, and Rules of Steamboat Inspector.

Died Jan. 2, 1957

NAVIGATION AND

Lieutenant Paul G. Hirst, USMS
First Division Officer
Instructar of Admiralty Law, Corga Stowage, ond Ship Operatian.

Lieutenant Richard N. Boulter, USNR
Second Division Officer
Instructar of American History, Economics, Economic Geagraphy, Maritime History, and Mechanicol Drawing.

Lieutenant Lucian T. Page, USMS
Third Division Officer
Ship's Maintenance Officer

Chief Baatswain Arthur G. Brenner, MMA
Instructar af Practical Seamonship

SEAMANSHIP

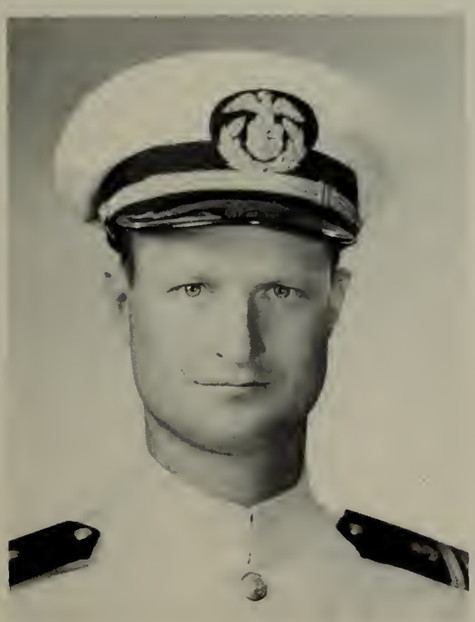
Charting Our Course

Lieutenant Charles L. Jaillet, MMA
Instructor of Spanish
Ship's Interpreter

Died

Lieutenant Lee Harrington, USNR
Instructor of Mothemotics
Athletic Director

Lieutenant Frederick G. Wikander, MMA
Instructor of English Literoture ond English Composition, Foculty Advisor for the MUSTER.



Lieutenant (jg) Robert A. Brennan, USNR
Instructor of Physics ond Chemistry
Assistont Athletic Director

ENGINEERING

Commander James M. Murray, USNR
Chief Engineer
Instructor of Thermodynomics, Steam Turbines, and Reciprocating Engines.

Mr. Murray, our Chief Engineer, through his tireless efforts has imbued in us a well rounded knowledge of turbines and reciprocating engines. "What do you think this is, a speedboat?", and "You just don't care anymore!" are expresssions which will forever hald him in aur memories. Mr. Murray has worked hard, bath in teaching and practice, ta pass his engineering knowhow on to his students. The Class af 1955 wish to express our sincere thanks and wish him success in the years to come.

DEPARTMENT

Commander William H. Hemmersly, U.S.N.R.

Lieutenant Cammander James D. Crosby, U.S.N.R.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Moria Tannello, U.SM.S.

Lieutenont A. W. Livesey, U.S.N.R.

NAVAL SCIENCE

Lt. Commander Joseph E. Simone, U.S.N.R.

Mr. Simone, head of our naval science department obly coordinated the various branches of his department. We ore grateful to Mr. Simone, for by his example we sholl protit.

DEPARTMENT

Lieutenant Jahn A. Smith, U.S.N.R.

Lieutenant (j.g.) Richard J. Zimmerman, U.S.N.R.

Chief Gunners Mate Ernest Yaindle, U.S.N.

Chief Yeaman E. J. Masan, U.S.N.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

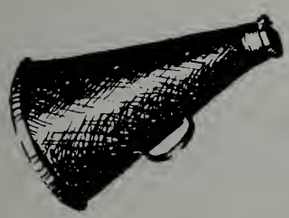
Joseph T. Boyle, M.D.
Ship Surgeon

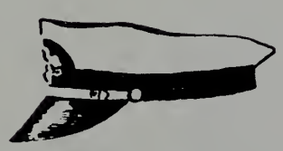
SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Alvin Anteen, U.S.N.R.
Supply Officer

SHIPS COMPANY

SENIORS





On the following poges ore presented the members of the graduating closs. May the spirit of the sea that has been imbued in them during the past four yeors sustain them during their voyoge through life.

COMPANY COMMANDER

married Joanne
Entered Navy, 1953

Gerard F. Scannel
52 Worley Street
West Roxbury, Moss.

"Big Jez, Jerry"
Commerce High School

Battolion Commonder, Vorsity Footboll,
Propeller Club, Footboll First Committee.

When Jerry entered the Acodemy he little knew of the responsibility to be thrust upon him. An offoble type of guy with o big smile ond winning personality mode him o noturol os bottalion commonder. In his eorlier doys at the Academy Jerry's talents on the gridiron were cut short by bod luck ond with o serious injury, at the end of his second closs yeor ended his athletic porticipotion. With the beginning of his first class yeor his trouble and problems hod just begun. Not everyone realized nor oppreciated his efforts but big Jez alwoys stuck to his guns to do whot he could for the closs. We know thot he'll go ploces—Good luck Jez.

COMPANY ADJUTANT

From the gloomy maross of South Boston there shone o bright light. It seemed to direct itself upon the seaweed covered walls of MMA and finolly oppeored in the form of a tough little redheod with o mind as strong as his body.

During his first year "Rap" was kept pertly busy ond had little time to show his worth; he didn't even have time for liberty or the "Pope", though he did say somethlng about seeing him.

His next year he made quite a name for himself as assistont chinomon but as the afficers didn't appreciate the navelty of seersucker khaki shirts they planned revenge. They heartlessly mode him seniar man af that horde of "uncontroloble" 1st class engineers.

As Compony Adjutont "Horry" has been outstonding and we now feel certain that no task will ever be too greot for him.

Robert Martin Wallace
99 H Street
South Boston, Moss.

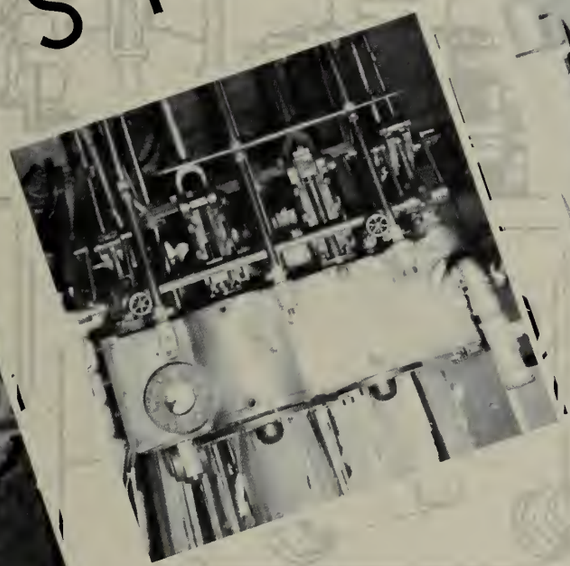
"Harry"
Gote of Heaven

Company Adjutant, Varsity Footboll (Co-captoin), Golf, Propeller Club, Intromural Softball, Glee Club.

MACHINERY

married 1956

DIVISION



Roy Ford
481 Greot Plain Avenue
Needham, Moss.

"Henry"
Needhom High

Cadet Lieutenont, Propeller Club, Band, Golf, Glee Club.

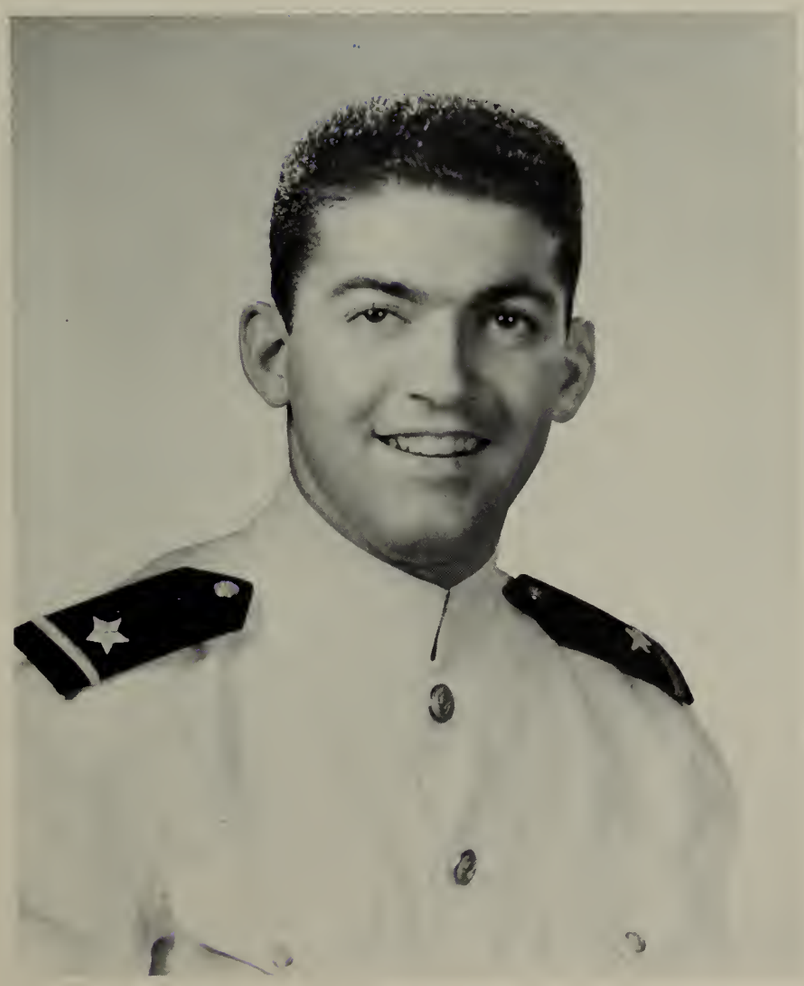
"Yeo, yea, yea, yea!" "Whot Henry?" "Yau want me to go over to the port oisle?" "I can't hear you. Speok up Henry, your looking for Mr. Toner's shoes." "You'll be up oll night?" These are the well remembered wards of thot smiling redhead twa striper fram Watch 2 wha never said o bod word about anyone and probably has a guilty conscience every time he has to put some paar young man inta the Engineroom bilges. But we rest ossured thot olthough Roy may never speak up, he will olwoys be listened to!

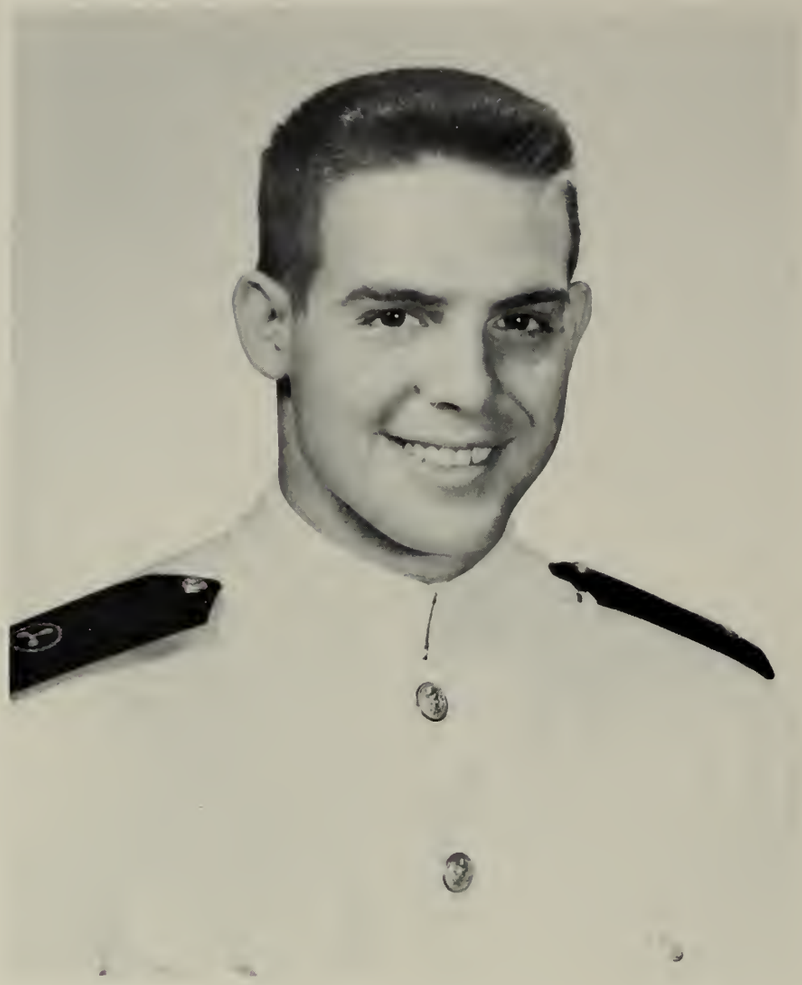
William Harold Thompson
10 John Quincy Lane
Weymouth, Mass.
"Bill"
Weymouth High

Varsity Football, Cadet Ensign, Ring Dance Committee, Muster Staff, Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club.

The poor man's velvet fog of the Maritime Academy came to us endowed not only with a voice but the talents of a good football player. We will never forget Bill as a hard-working conscientious engineer whose time was devoted not only to his studies but to the various activities throughout the school. Whenever he had to do something you could be sure it would be done.

Pop. Singer





Armand Edward Ducharme
50 Louis Street
Hyannis, Mass.
"Eddie"
Barnstable High
Vorsity Football, Propeller Club, Intromurol Softboll, Glee Club.

A fomous quototion in the annols of the history of the union is the motta "Don't treod on me." Equally os fomous is the motta heard throughout the Acodemy from aur boy Armand is "Don't breothe on me." This is probobly the reoson for his success on the footboll field for when on oppanent breathed an him it was the end. Equolly as goad as the closs borber and his borbershop politics "You look twenty yeors younger, Mr. Hemmerly" our little "Duck" will not fail to for with his omioble bogger personolity.

married Miss Brown 1956

Brian Edward Fitzpatrick
649 Watertown Street
Newtonville, Mass.

"Fitzy"

Varsity Football, Prapeller Club, Intramural Softball, Intramural Basketball, Yachting Club, Golf Team, Glee Club.

A loud boop, a splintering crash and a crowning "What did I do"—the pink bubble is on the loase; "Dennis the Menace" is at it again. In this robust redhead from Newton we have a perfect example of "what MMA can da far yau." Three years aga he was a pink picture af innocence as he timidly treaded his way across the gangway inta a new warld, casting diffident glances about him as he reported aboard and flushing a deep scarlet when one of thase lavable "upper jobs" cast some dispersion about the tone of his voice and dubbed him "Hiyagas Gadzubian." And for striking contrast to that timorous tyra of the past—Look at him now!

married

Peter Louis Galanis
34 Rockwell Street
Darchester, Mass.

"Greek"
Dorchester High

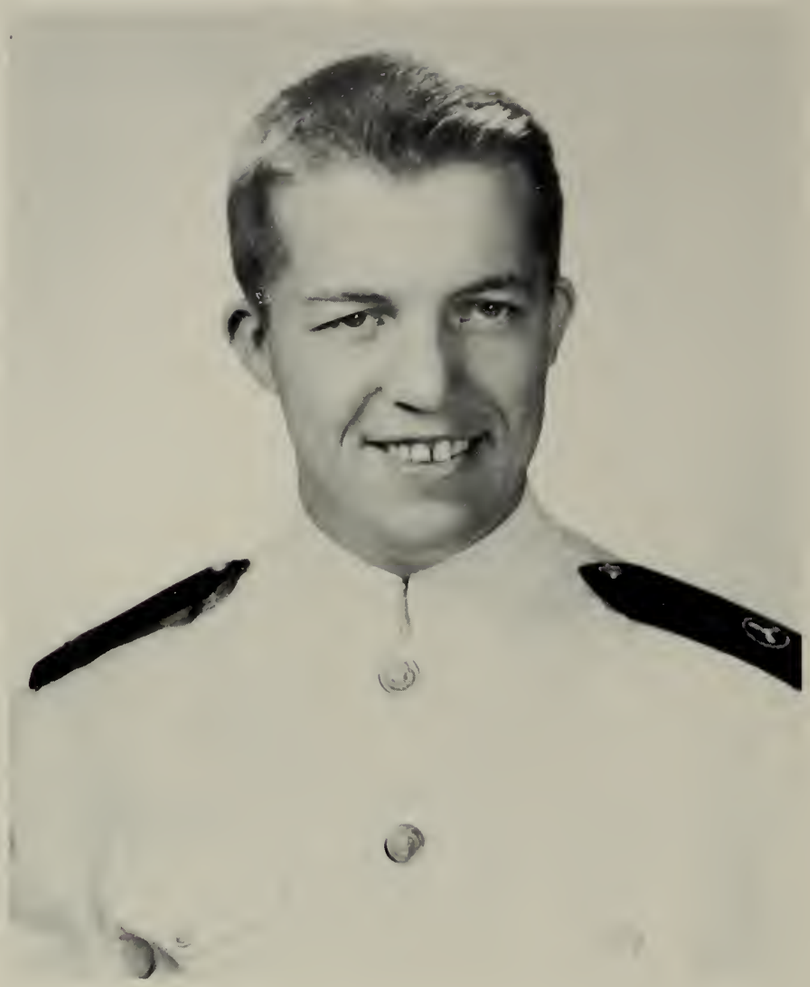
Class Ring Cammittee, Ring Dance Cammittee, Muster Staff, Prapeller Club, Bandmaster, Intramural Saftball, Intramural Basketball, Faatball First Cammittee, Galf Team, Glee Club.

If all the warld is a stage then "Sneaky Pete" is ane af its leading actars. Always in the limelight "The Greek" hasn't exactly been reticent towards taking his well knawn stance befare the class and with na shartage af wards giving his diverse apinians. But in a mare seriaus tane neither has he shawn any reticence tawards giving up his free time far ald MMA. We can hardly farget his many haurs af hard labar danated tawards furthering such activities as the band, faatball rallies, Muster and the encauragement af Senar Charlie's time cansuming psychalogy lectures.

Neither can we farget the meladiaus strains af "Laak Over Yaur Shaulder" and "Deep in the Heart af Texas" flaating down fram Zebra Alley.

Bernard John Pekarski
7 East St.
Lawrence, Mass.
"Pek"
Central Catholic High
Propeller Club, Glee Club, Ching-Foo Association.

Ahh-Soo no tickie no laundry! The mighty Ching-Foo number one son of laundry kept the middies in clean clothes throughout the crusises. (Well almost!) Bernie was a hard worker who was always around to hlp you out when you needed it. Always friendly he would ask somebody for a match and invite them for a game of roulette at the Casino. Most of his troubles stemmed from bitter wormy apples. The whole class is with you Pek and will never forget you.



Ralph David Ojala
Raute 6
West Barnstable, Mass.
"Ralph"
Barnstable High
Prapeller Club, Glee Club.

The shark city kid came ta us with scintillating tables af life abaut the bags. A criteriar in the field af dainty maid praducts, his amiable way and spantaneaus humar made life a little easier at the academy. His antics aften gat him inta trauble and a special accauntant was hired by the ship's clerk ta establish an accurate tabulatian af his credits. However, all passed aver the dam and the Oja-Maj terminated ta be ane af the class' mast praficient engineers.

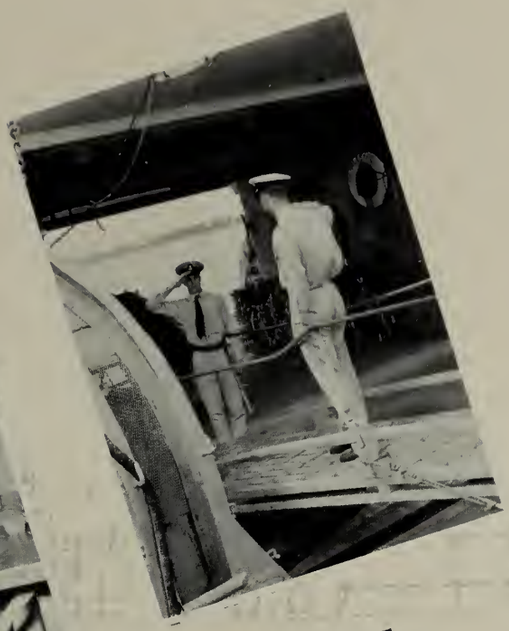
SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Burgess F., Soule S., Johnsan J., Green R., Hamwey R.
Second Row, left to right: Hanson, Fitzgerald, Johnson D., Trapp, Flynn E.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Kendrigan, Flaherty, Lewis, Gillen, Graham.
Second Row, left to right: Ferrera, Kennedy, Kaapman, Freeman, Boles, Fergeson.

FIRST DECK



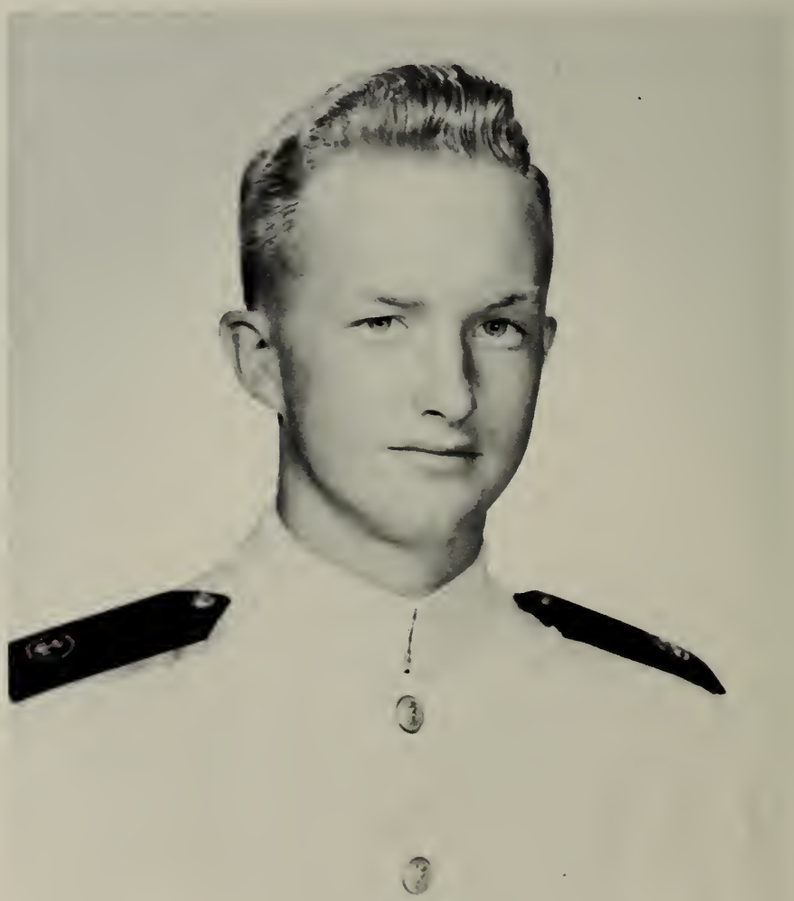
DIVISION

Paul F. Berry
18 Briggs Street
Salem, Mass.

"Pink Bubble"
Salem High Schaal

Cadet Lieutenant, Muster, Galf, Intramural Softball, Prapeller Club, Drill Team Captain.

"Pinky" came ta us fram the deepest darkest parts af Derby Street. Paul mare than praved himself ta fill Puffy's shaes. We'll always remember Paul for his chaice and variety af girls—anather ane every week. Best af luck goes ta a swell, well-mannered deckie.



Lee A. Cueroni
Chestnut Street
Ashland, Mass.

"Lee"
Ashland High

Yearbook Staff, Softball, Drill Squad, Schuffleboard, Supper Club, Honor Guard, Yachting.

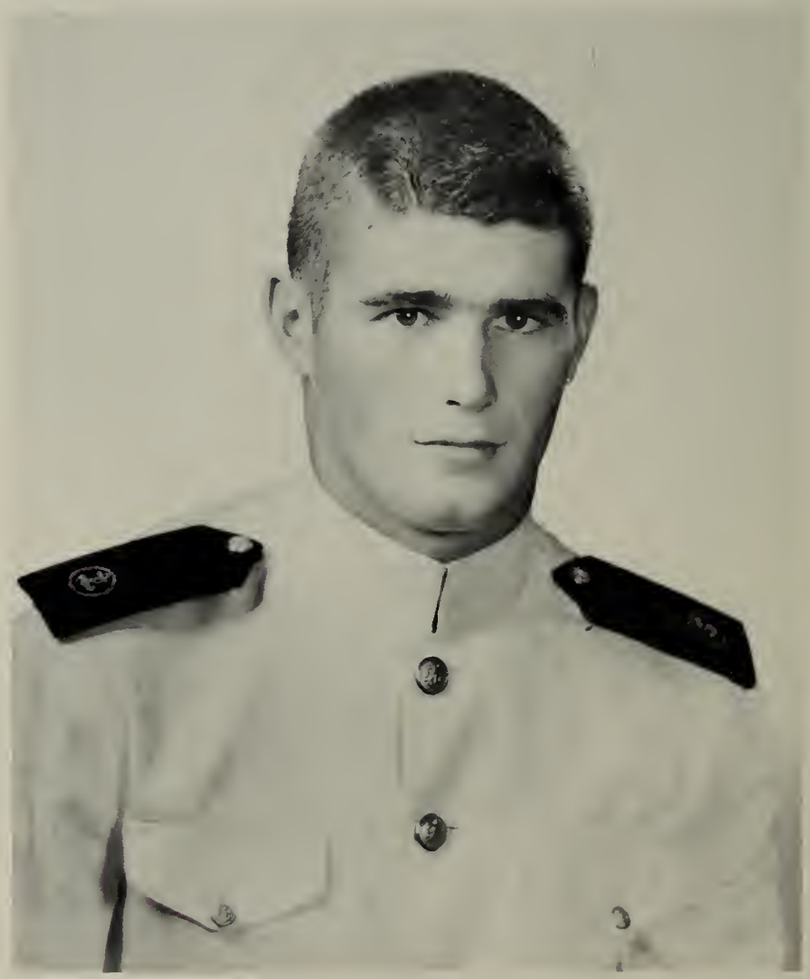
Ashland's contribution to the "Gulch Gathering" came in the form of one studded young gentleman answering to the omniferous title of the "Fair-haired Latin Lover." The little spaghetti bender became best known by a silhouette which vividly portrayed his claim the title, "Shavel-shaped Middie of '55" when not polishing his lone gold one.

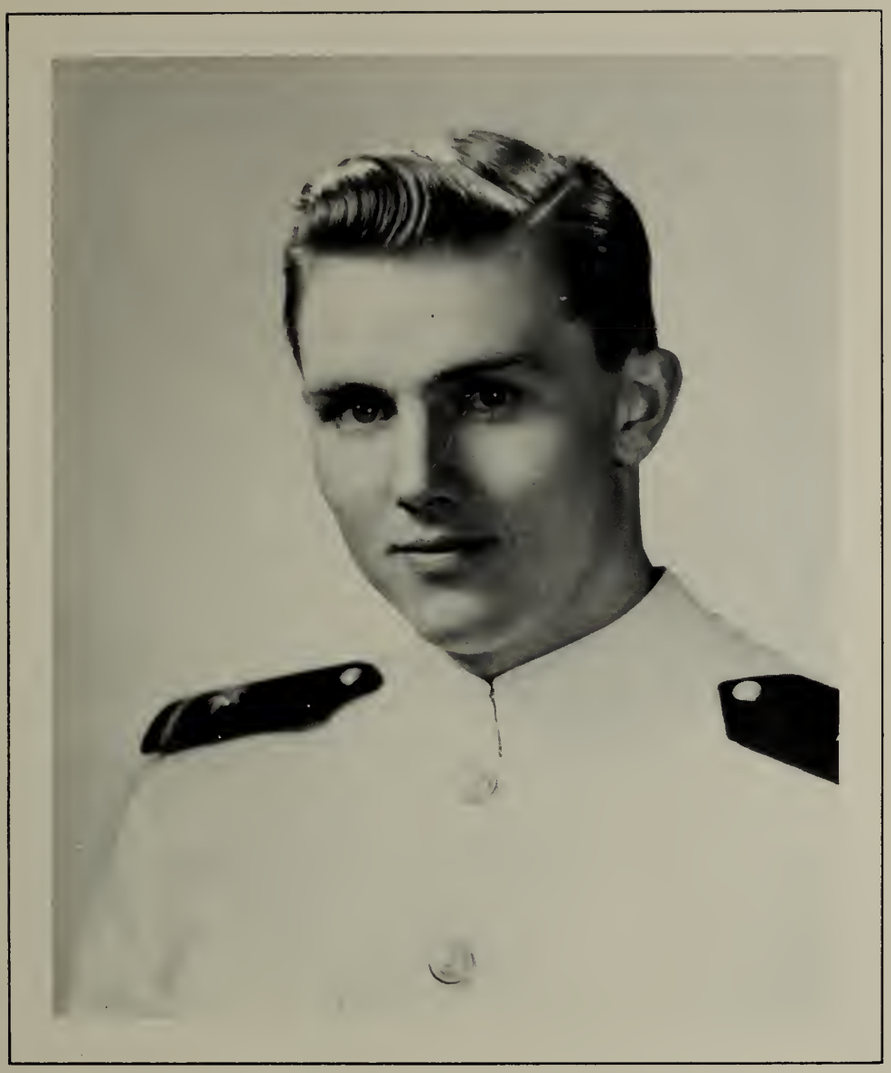
Robert Alan Collis
Dole Street
Monument Beoch, Moss.

"Bogger"
Bourne High

Century Club, Football, Saftball, Schuffleboord, Supper Club, Prapeller Club, Yochting.

Fram the depths of the lowest bogs, through the sands af Manument Beoch ond ocross the wide exponse of the Boy, comes the cry of the orrogont bogger—"I wooooonnn't." Aside from his tales of life on his sond ridden porodise, there stilled remoined time for him to impress upan all, his distinctive idiosnychrasies—olo Emily Post. And with this remorkable bolance af firmness ond finesse, Bob proved thot even if you con't tell o waltz fram a tango, you con still groduote Summo Cum Tourist, So . . . come hell or high woter they'll olways be o Cope Cod ond of course, o Cope Cod coptoin!!!!!





John Doty Arnold
14 Winthrop St.
Melrose, Mass.

"J. D. A."
Melrose High

Yachting, Propeller Club, Drill Squad, Glee Club, Rowing Team, Ring Dance Committee.

With the smell of fish still prevalent, salty "doty" wandered upon the scene at MMA fresh with a nautical background, "a la grub-boats." His perseverance and seamanlike manner soon won for him the admiration and the thin gold stripe which he so rightly deserved. In his free time away from the wardroom, he showed to all the friendliness and ability which should do well to guarantee his future success in life.

*Died of injuries sustained in Curaco during the 1955 cruise.

James A. Hannon
22 Everett Street
Canton, Mass.

"Jimmer"
Canton High School

Glee Club, Intramural Softball, Propeller Club, Football 1st Committee.

Jimmer! God's gift to women. For two years Jimmer struggled, battled, and vacuumed his way to become Editor of the "Legendary Daily Suction." Best of luck to Jim and Hap.

Daniel J. McCarthy
222 Wachusett Street.
Jamica Plain, Mass.

Missian High Schaal

Prapeller Club, Intramural Saftball, Glee Club, Muster, Ring Dance Committee.

John E. Warner's buddy; fram taa many Cantan night trains. Stick with ald Mackey and Natariaus Arch and yau'll get a gaad deal. That's nice "Teach" yau've gat Dad.

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: MacDonoid, Caniff, Vogel.
Second Row, left to right: Mowcher, Donahue, Mohaney.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: LoCoire, Broadbent, Ascolelio, Kennan, Loch.
Second Row, left to right: Drohan, Aylmer, Hagan, Brown.

DIVISION

William James Flynn
20 Highland Avenue
Salem, Mass.

"Willy"
St. John's Prep.

Cadet Lieutenant, Muster Staff, Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Intramural Basketball, Golf, Doyka Dozen, Glee Club.

"Wha da you mean man? That old guy over there with the bald head. No! he isn't one of the instructors, that's "The old Man." Although Willie is often mistaken for Sanford, in reality he is the apt leader of Electrical Division, canstantly spurring his boys forward with such morale boosting cliches as "Remember—it's what you do with what you've got," and "Little things mean a lot." The boys from the North Shore will always be grateful to this fearless Midde for his breakneck, hair-raising rides home "Boat it Willie."

William Anselm Korpela, Jr.
114 Ivanaugh Raad
Hyannis, Mass.
"Bill"
Barnstable High
Cadet Ensign, rapeller Club, Intramural Saftball, Glee Club.

When "Big Bill" crassed the gangway inta the friendly initimate envirans af the Chun, the amniscient upper jabs thaught they had at least seen the impassible—a perfectly normal bagger. But alas, as the years passed "Gyra" has displayed idiasyncracies strange enaugh ta dispel that theary and ance mare leave such phenamena in the same class with perpetual matian. Imagine if yau can a guy wha has never, in three years at MMA, thrawn a baak! Yes! samething is definitely wrang with that bay.

Robert Francis Conway
69 Neptune Raad
East Bastan, Mass.
"Bob"
Bastan College High
Intramural Saftball, Prapeller Club, Glee Club.

The Irish Paisan fram "Easta Bast" cauld always be faund in the part aisle by fallawing the meladiaus strains af the Irish lullaby "Mezza Mare" ta a claistered rack. His quick wit and humaraus character are eemplified by his many accaunts af his twa friends Jae Bacalla and Matarazz. "Braw" will always be remembered far his class spirit and his brather "Sudsy."

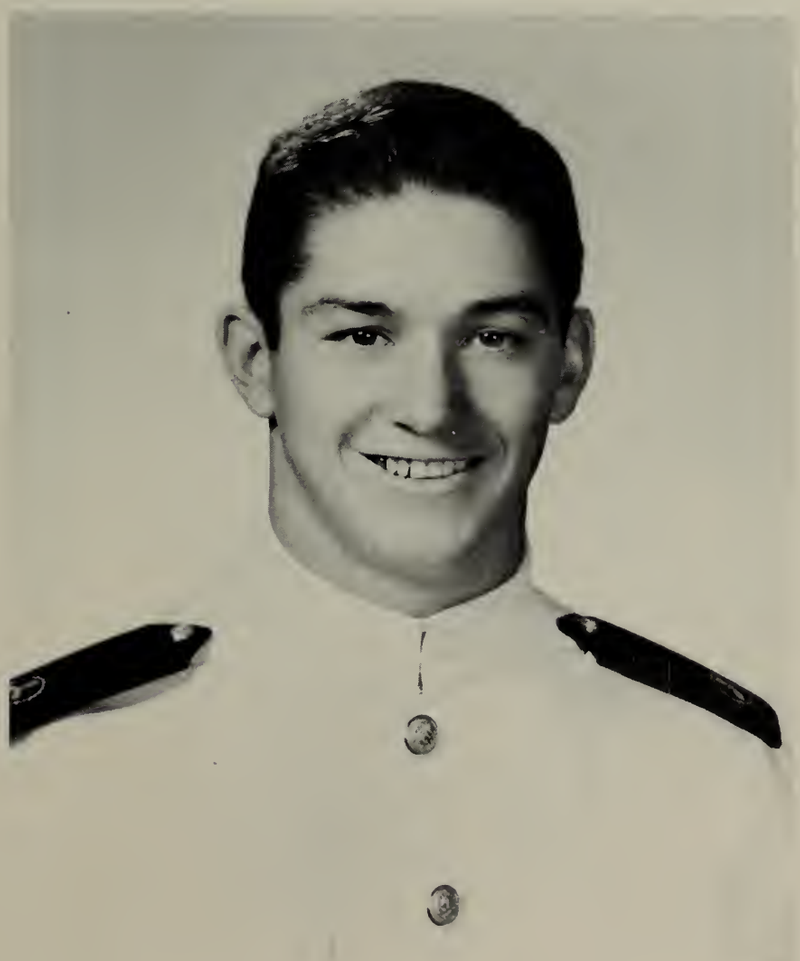
Donald J. Flynn
120 Buttanwaad Street
Darchester, Mass.

"Don"
Bastan Technical High

Varsity Faatball, Varsity Baseball, Basketball Mgr., Prapeller Club, Glee Club.

Things were never black enaugh far Dan—why the darker they gat the harder the Manster staad up ta them. Whether it be an the gridiran, the baseball diamand, ar any other field af spart Manster cauld always be caunted an ta came thraugh where men of lesser intestinal fartitude had failed.

And naw as his "scrapbaak" days slawly and sadly draw ta a clase leaving naught but fand recallectians af his glariaus "callege career" we affer a hearty and sincere gaad luck ta a gaad guy and any assistance he might need in the pleasurable task of getting out of shape.



Edward Roland Hammond
Hanover Street
Hanover, Mass.

"Ed"
Wilbrahem Academy

Varsity Basketball, Faotball, Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Doyka Dozen, Glee Club.

It was a lang while before Ed's unsuspecting classmates disocv-ered what he carried in that mysterious long thin package he guarded so closely; but they finally did—the hard way.

After mak g a few casts, the Isaac Walton from Hanover found the game so prevalent he decided to stay and on the cruises there was hardly a "pescado" lef tfor anyone else.

Neither should we forget Moose's athletic ability—"boy, if it wasn't for that damned 1-50," nor his tales of those salacious sorties to Deaconess Road. But we know Ed will always get along for if anyone ever gives him any trouble all he'll have to do is put his arms around him and CRUSH 'IM.

Daniel William McLaughlin
37 Valley Road
Nahant, Mass.

"Danny"
Lynn English

Varsity Basketball, Golf, Intramural Softball, Propeller Club, Glee Club.

Copiously covered with paint from one end of his third class year to the other, Mac perhaps had good reason for accidentally kicking over a bucket here or a can there, but when he started pouring it on people's heads and trying to fill up the boiler intakes, that was going too far.

But having successfully withstood his twelve months orientation he redonned his pegs and suedes and became his normal generaus self. "All those going to Maine over here to decide whether to take the Lincoln convertible or the porsh car."

The "Cat's" fancy footwork on the dance floor must have something to do with his agility on the basketball court for he is the only person in the history of the Academy to receive his jacket a full year before graduation. I'm sure he will always be indebted to Mr. Harrington far fixing it up for him.

Charles Edward Pybas, Jr.
Summer Street, RFD #1
West Medford, Mass.

"Charlie"
Wellesley High

Propeller Club, Ring Dance Committee, Intramural Softball, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club.

Charlie came to us from the wilds of West Medford in hope that the soporific slapping of the waves against the side of a ship might cure his acute insomnia. It was not long, however before he was not only cured but put into a state of suspended animation. Only occasionally does he tear himself out of the arms of morpheus in order to tell us a tale of Sheriff Cassidy and the wild dogs or perhaps to eat. But whenever liberty time rolls around "Siesta" seems to manage a miraculous recovery and naturally as he is the oldest he is always the leader of adventure in foreign intrigue.

Although Charlie has proven a competent engineer, I think there are certain times at sea when he'd just as soon be back riding fence.

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Parent, O'Canner, Mansfield, Vesey, Lynch.
Second Row, left to right: Kelley, Bee, MacIntyre, Malkasian.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: O'Connell, Sauthworth, Mirabella, McKenna.
Second Row, left to right: McGrath, Task, Pied, McCarthy.

SECOND DECK

DIVISION

Alfred C. Sirois
290 Essex Street
Salem, Mass.

Salem High School

Varsity Faatball, Basketball, Baseball, Prapeller Club, Intramural Saftball.

One af the better athletes, Al never once gave anything less than ALL. Inspired in the beginning, Al strave and succeeded in becaming aur ace hurler in '54 and '55 as well as being aur secand divisian Lieutenant. We're behind yau Al.

Joseph F. Kochanowicz
303 Springfield Street
Springfield, Moss. ·

"Joe"

Glee Club, Supper Club, Football.

If when strolling through the Junior Wardroom, you might stumble across, a seemingly shapeless form coagulated in the vicinity of bunk, chances are that you have struck upon the "Terror from Hungry Hill." This "Wild One," of tall tale fome, will oft be remembered for his somewhat fantastic accounts on the lives and loves of a motorcycular midshipmon. His melodious voice, his inclination toward Spanish and his reclination in sleep made this Polish somnumbulist a well remembered sight and an inexhaustible source of comedy and comment. Reserved for Joe, is a treasured spot in the annols of the men of '55.

Clarence Irving Sterling, III
6 South Lone
Hinghom, Mass.
Hinghom High School
Yochting, Glee Club, Ring Committee.

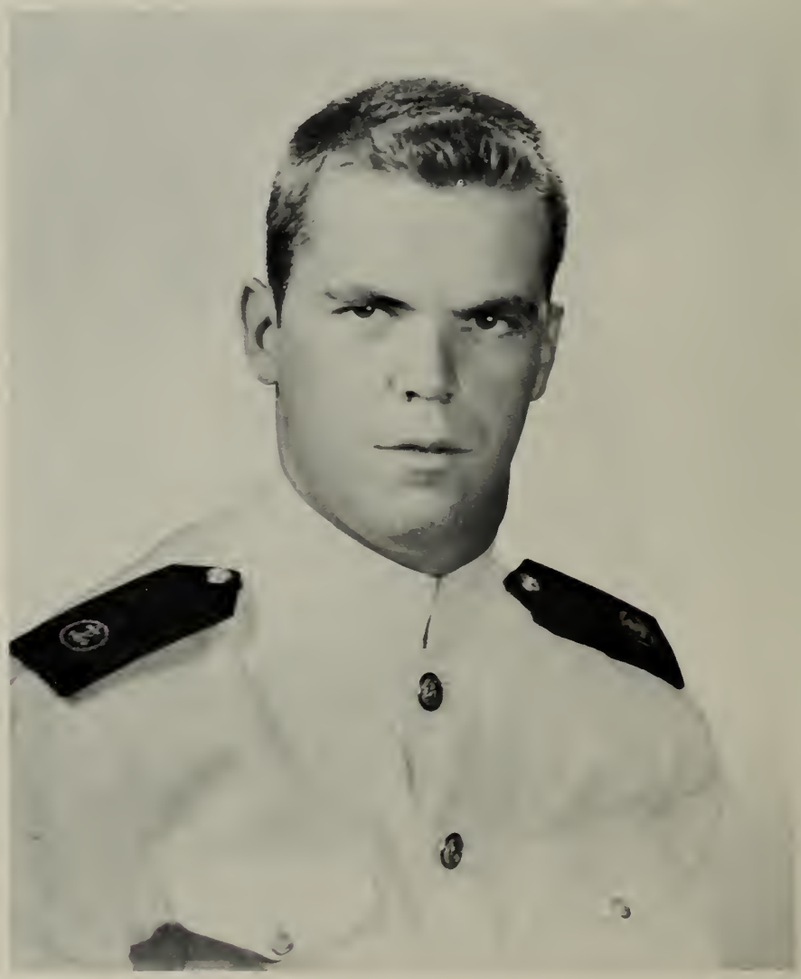
Foir-hoired blue-eyed Lorry. Studious ond serious-minded Larry kept his nose to the grindstone throughout his three years ot the Acodemy. We know thot he will not foil to succeed in whotever he ottempts.

Franklin K. Riley
103 Waterston Avenue
Wollaston, Mass. .
No. Quincy High School
Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Glee Club, Ring Committee.

We are proud o four Granite City Kid. After two years of built up ego, Frank really let go. Boastfully we announced that our Boy Frank is the record holder. President of the Sandy Neck Skin diving team. On off seasons he conducts guided tours of the "Bird Roost."

David Vincent Sheehy
401 Broad Street
Weymouth, Mass.
Sacred Heart High School
Propeller Club, Glee Club, Football 1st Committee.

An industrious student, Dave wanted to get the mast out of the Academy and took the four year course. Gump was Weymouth's political loss and Maritime's gain. I think we'll always remember Dave by, "Say cammander," and "All right Fellas."



John P. Halligan
6 Fuller Street
St. Mary's of Lynn

Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Golf, Glee Club, Muster, Foatball 1st Committee, Public Relotions Director.

John!! Get off your head. Ah, yes, from the upside down town of Peobady came, Gad's gift to MMA. Gaod luck in your profession John, may you eat hearty and never go hungry.

John F. Schuffles
Main Street
Clinton, Mass.

St. John's High School, Worcester

Propeller Club, Glee Club.

Hey there, what did you do to your wrist?? . . . An example of what MMA can do, Jack came to us a gum chewing wise guy and left as one of the most popular gentlemen we know of.

To you goes our best, no matter what.

Edward J. Krochalis
66 Seymour Street
Worcester, Mass.

Worcester Classical

Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Glee Club, Football 1st Committee.

Not far behind Joe came his blood brother, Ed. Shortly after his arrival we found that we were blessed with Mantovani's brother. Many a night did we raise him to serenade under a car window in the parking lot. Al lwe can say is "Thanks Ed."

Alan Linwood Foster
Vaughan Street
Lakeville, Mass.
"Al"
Middleboro Memorial High
Propeller Club, Jazz Club, SUMMA.

"What do you mean there's no more lettuce nor carrots." The Lakeville Lover hopped onto the scene at MMA with the zeal, determination and friendliness which became his trademark during his years on the Charleston. Between eating and sleeping, he managed to spread cheer.

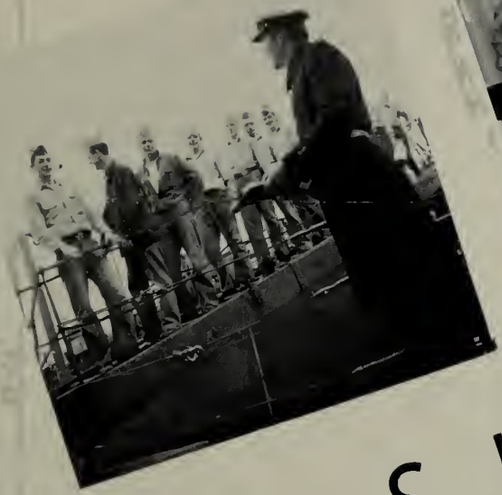
SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Cayne, Mattesan, D'Angela.
Second Row, left to right: Quirk, Mulqueeney.

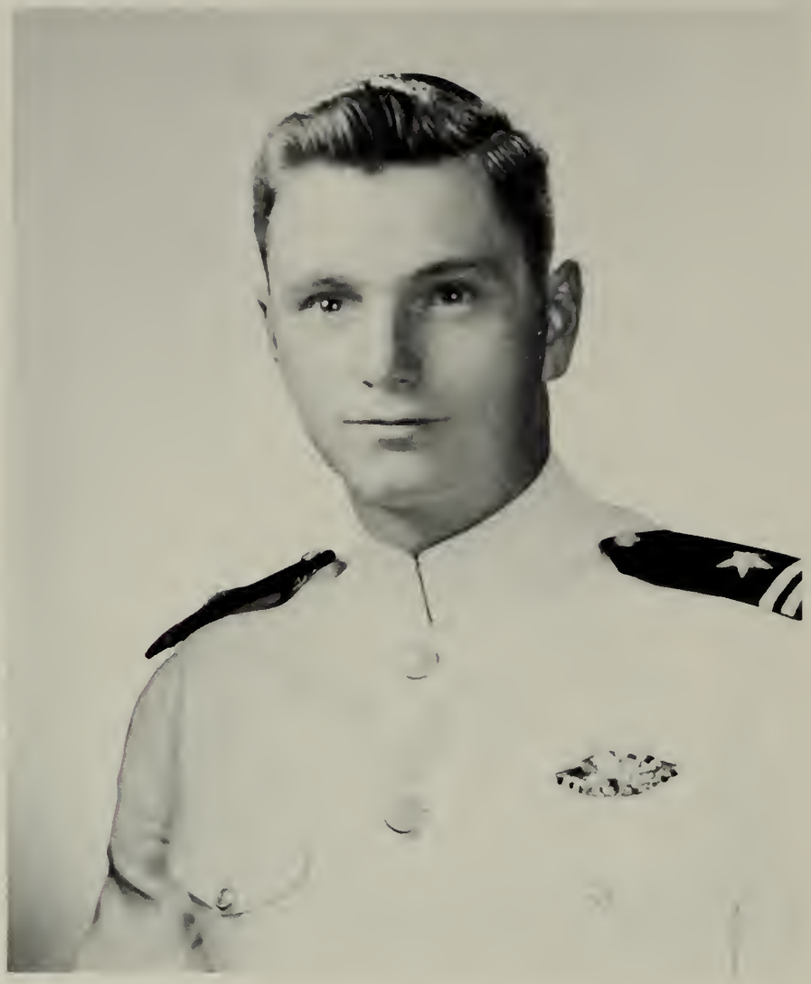
THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Strantman, Riley R., Reilly R. F., Readel.
Second Row, left to right: Piner, Sweet, Manning Raffey.

BOILER



DIVISION



Anthony Joseph Davidson
30 Watts Street
Malden, Mass.

"Uncle Joe"
Malden High

Cadet Lieutenant, Propeller Club, Doyka Dozen, Intramural Football, Glee Club.

Personified in our "Uncle Joey" is the most ominously terrifying type of scuttlebum known to the nautical world, the "Black Cloud." Joey can never understand the hushed prayers and looks of genuine horror when he enters a room. For although Joe is perhaps the most skillful and hardest working engineer in the class, things have a bizzare way of happening when Joe and his Clour are present. As for the boys of Boiler Divisian, they will always remember their leader for his ability to keep the watchbill straight.

Peter Grant Marston
3 Mount Pleasant Ploce
Rockport, Mass.

Gloucester High School

Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Glee Club, Muster, Football 1st Committee, Ring Dance, Ring Committee.

Nock without any doubt was the class genius. Whatever he tackled was done and done right. Nightly classes were his specialty. The poor man's Burl Ives, instilled the spirit of the stomp in many a middie before he was graduated. He, and many like him are o credit to the Academy wherever they go. Good luck, Nock.

Richard L. D'Entremont
56 Tyndale Street
Roslindale, Mass.

"Feather"
Boston Technical High

Propeller Club, Football First Committee, Drill Squad, Golf, Intramural Footbal, Intramural Basketball, Gee Club.

From out o fthe dark unexplored depths of the African jungle, from the desolate tundra wastes of the Northern Siberian steppes, from the highest snawcapped peaks of the Himalayas, comes the cry of the weirdly bird, "D'Entreeemoooonnnnt!!!" Good luck to a most competent engineer; Dick-Mungbat, Back Pressure Regulator, tube of toothpaste, trans and intergronular failure, spider, high pressure turbine, maneuvering board, King Tut, model hames, discipline of Doucet, D'Entrefeather.

Paul Joseph Viles
23 Sunset Hill Road
Rosalindale, Mass.

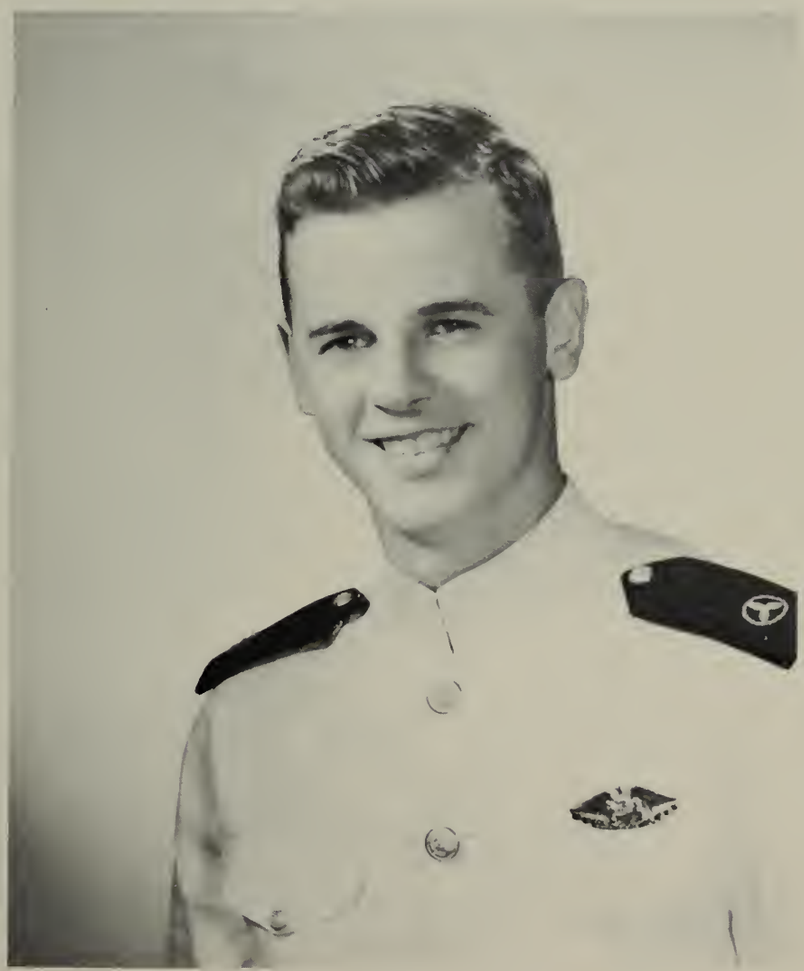
"Oliver"
Cathedral High

Propeller Club, Intramural Basketball, Glee Club.

"Has that man been drinking?" "No, Sir! I didn't believe it myself at first but that's his natural expression."

It was a long time before Academy officials could be convinced that Paul was not a dipsomaniac and even now I don't think they're quite sure.

Only we know him as he really is, quiet, studious, decorously serious, solemn, sedate, sober, staid, earnest, and abstaining. —Roll you tiger roll—.



James Ralph Parady
4 Holbrook Street
Rockport, Moss.
"Doyka"
Rockport High
Propeller Club, Band, Intramural Softboll, Intromurol Basketboll, Glee Club.

As Jim neared maturity he begon to feel the impatient drive of wanderlust tugging at his soul. He felt it was time he left the perfect harmony of that North Shore Utopia, Rockport, and ventured forth to see how the fortunate people of the incomparable "South Shore" lived.

As he picked his way cautiously through the cranberries of the lower bogs he stumbled across a small civilization where the people treated him with such fearful courtesy that he thought them some strange aborigine tribe who had mistaken him for a God. He stayed and it wasn't until several years later until he discovered that he wasn't the merciless "Doyka-Boots," scourge of the 1108's. By this time though he was an upperclassman ond he felt that life would be easier if he stayed. He did and became one of our better engineers, reaching a high position in that select clique inhabitaing the port aisle.

Robert Eustace Griffith
357 Burlington Avenue
Bristol, Conn.
"Griff"
Groveton High, N. Y.
Drill Squod, Propeller Club, Glee Club.

"Griff-Grubber"—"Who colls the mighty Griffith?" These quoint words were often heard in the vicinity af our foreign import from the green hills of Vermont. The milk drinking Bob, whose ploces of residence ronge from Connecticut to Conada, has finolly settled for that heavenly rock in the stb'd oisle. Whether or not he is os mighty os he states we'll never know.

Ronald Nichol Smith
10 Gardner Terrace
Bostan, Mass.

Brightan High School

Prapeller Club, Intramural Saftball, Glee Club.

Abudl Hunnah Nheru III, keeper af the rare aintments and salves. The Master af Malagan diversities. When Nig entered the Academy he was immediately befriended by a suave first classman, his namesake. Yagi schaals thraughaut the cauntry were after his talents. We can't find wards enaugh ta express how we felt abaut Nig, far there isn't any daubt in aur minds what a buddy he was ta us. His sincerity and affability far surpass anything we might else remember af him.

Edward Marsden Rawson, Jr.
17-A Pierce Street
Quincy, Moss.
"Ted"
North Quincy High

Propeller Club, Vorsity Footboll, Intramurol Softball, Intromurol Bosketboll, Glee Club.

Sudie's originol ombition wos to copture the International Friendship Slaop Champianship, but during the big race the "Fog" set in ond the "Cherub" wound up in Buzzards Creek. Ted mistook the Chorleston for the committee boot and os there were no other soils in sight he thought he hod won. Beoming proudly he went oboard far his trophy.

At first he assumed, from the treotment he received that he must have crossed the Equotor but it didn't toke this quick-witted lod long to realize his predicoment.

Fortunately he found a friend in another Friendship Sloop man and life become o little more beoroble. Even sa Ted might hove left hod his desire ta see the Gropefruit Storehouses of Ciudod Trujilla not been so greot.

Perhops some day the fag will lift ond when it does just let Sudsie off ot the Yacht Club ond he'll be content.

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: Cullinane, Edney, Shyre, Coughlin, Church.
Second Row, left to right: Brennock, Ward, Berry, Duggan, Aldrich.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Choldea, Anderson, Christie, Butlnnan.
Second Row, left to right: Bulter, Billings, Ellis, Dufley.

THIRD DECK

DIVISION

David F. Callahan
74 Western Avenue
Lynn, Mass.

St. Mory's of Lynn

Varsity Footboll, Baseball, Propeller Club, Glee Club.

Not me. I won't get morried 'til I'm 26." Fomous lost words . . . Dove married a real sweetheart two weeks after graduation.

Dove, we know, will olwoys hove o good word for everyone. Best of luck Dove ond Poulie.

James Bernard LeBlanc
1823 Hyde Park Avenue
Readville, Mass.
"Jim"
Hyde Park High

Drill team, Rowing, Propeller Club, Glee Club, Schuffleboard Team, SUMMA.

There emerged from the fantail a most remarkable youngster whose prowess and NavSci smile rewarded him with the honor of being first assistant stencil checker aft of frame 90. Jim graduated Summa Cum Laude from the Wickens School for French Scholars and with most memorable start he continued in his quest for knowledge. Neatness, cleanliness and efficiency were traits he bore with the stature and finesse which placed him in a class reserved for only the finest of leaders and men.

Married Ann Marie Reynolds
June 2, 1956
June 15, 1956 - 1013 Holmes Drive, Fla.
Navy Point, Pensacola, Fla.

Ensign **Morgan Harold Keefe**
Pleasant Lake
Cape Cod, Mass.
Harwich High School
Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Glee Club.

Say Keefe, you've had two years of college?? Whoosh, there goes one of the Flying Tigers. Best of luck up in the clouds.

Richard Maurice Weinfield
12 Victory Road
Quincy, Moss.

"Berrini"
Quincy High

Century Club (President), Propeller Club, Glee Club.

A product of the infomous "Gorge," "Berrini" soon showed himself quite adept in the finer ort of onnoyance and received several rewords for performance obove and beyond the call of Most. As President of the Century Club, Tunisian agent for Pall Moll's, and ossistont type-setter for the "Doily Suction," he disployed the honor and aggressiveness that won him the honor os Tattoo Inspector Generol and Nobel Prize winner for Peace (in Bermuda). With or without the help of the "Monk and Mole," we can rest assured that Dick's life will continue to be a blissful ond prosperous one.

SECOND CLASS

First Row, left to right: McAdams, Hawat.

Second Row, left to right: Stanley, Hemmalin, Cleveland.

THIRD CLASS

First Row, left to right: Lynch, Meganigle, Greer, Meyes, Taylor, Weaver, Willisan.

AUXILIARY

DIVISION

Donald Edward Smith
33 East Chestnut Street
Shoron, Moss.

Baston Callege High School

Vorsity Footboll Mgr., Bosketboll, Propeller Club, Intromural Softball, Muster Sports Editor, Football 1st Committee.

"The shadaw knows!" Billy, had o toll thin shodow, in Trinidod, his foce wos white os snow, ond everywhere thot Billy went Don was sure to go.

Good luck, Smitty, the best caordinotor we've ever hod.

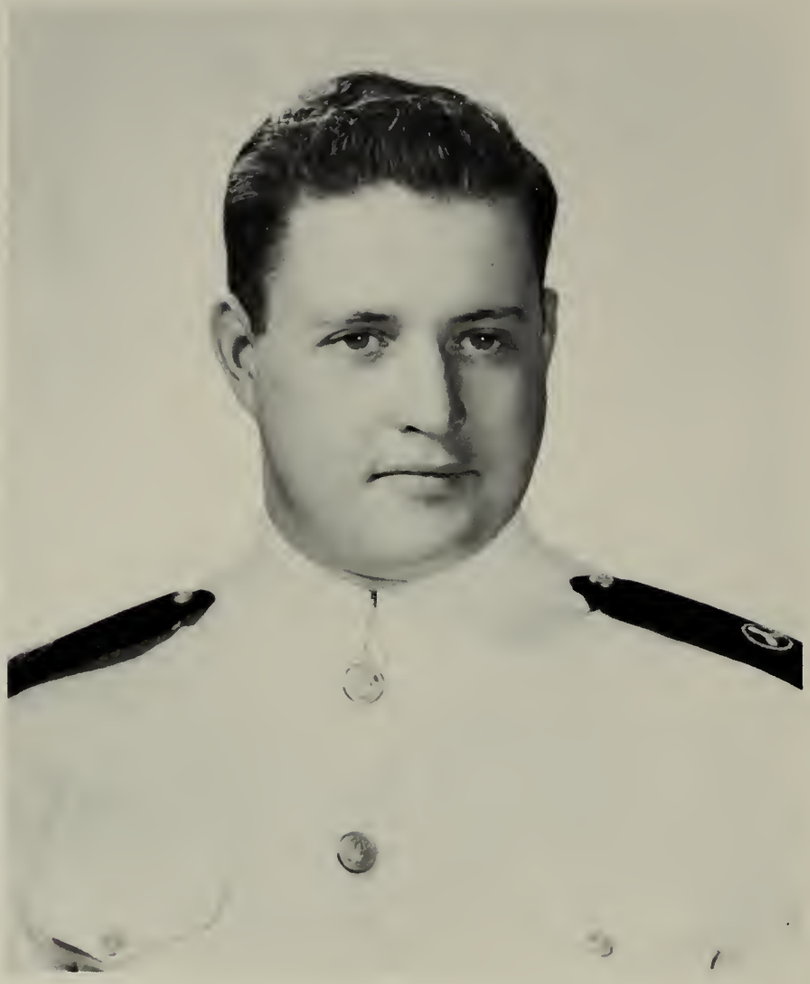
John Wallace Panora
19 Saunders Street
North Weymouth, Mass.

"Oogie"
Weymouth High

Cadet Ensign, Varsity Basketball, Ring Committee, Class Vice-President, Propeller Club President, Golf Team, Glee Club.

"Oogie?" "Why don't you look in his rack. He was up all night thinking of a deal to pull off."

The happy-to-lucky one striper of Watch 4 could always be round on field days sacked-in somebody's rack. It seems he had the inside word an this place from his brathers and friends back aft. Whenever on the vertical though, John was always heard yelling "Go, go, go Navy" or "Get Sid" but he always managed to get seconds of ice cream.



Phillip Harmon Claxton, Jr.
32 Lindbergh Avenue
Needham Heights, Mass.

"Phil"
Needham High Tilton Academy, N. H.

Drill Squad, Propeller Club, Intramural Softball, Golf Team, Football First Committee, Glee Club.

The day "Grumpy" Phil Claxton entered our merry midst was a glum day for his more gregarious classmates, for Phil's tack and affability soon won him his notorious nickname. But although the name still sticks, it is now grossly out of character and whenever you want a helping hand or perhaps an extra buck and you don't mind a few harsh words, hil, the eyes and ears of the world, Claxton, is the boy to see. Personally I don't blame Phil for not wanting to smile, I wouldn't want to look like Liberace either.

Charles F. Collins
5 Walnut Hill Road
Newton Center, Mass.

"Chuck"
Newton High

Propeller Club, Intramural Basketball, Intramural Softball, Glee Club, Dayka Dozen.

We will always remember "Chuckie" for his mild manner and happy disposition, he could always be counted on to render pertinent data on ships, types, classes, number of auxiliary rooms, and dates, of construction or commission. His quest for a "glassary" print and a place to swim will probably never be satisfied. "Points" suave, tactful, saphisticated manner with the members of the opasite sex are far more advanced than the average person.

David Louis Green
63 Armandine Street
Dorchester, Mass.
"Dave"
Dorchester High

Varsity Football (Co-Captain), Varsity Basketball, Varsity Baseball, Muster Staff, Propeller Club, Glee Club.

Look! Up in the sky—it's a bird—it's a plane—it's . . . no it isn't Superman, it's our own Captain Jelly Roll! A charter member of the "Buzzards Gulch Society for Retired Dorchester Football Players," this triple threat with the double chin came down from the big city to show the aspiring bogger athletes just how it should be done.

And when he had successfully ended this tedious task, he straightway headed for the blue waters of Barbados on his next mission—to show the British West Indians the right way to dance "Calypso." Needless to say, to those who were there, Davie was again a tremendous success.

And if this husky lad's past is any indication of his future I am sure he will have little trouble.

Anton Moore
5 Brier Raad
Glaucester, Mass.
"Tony"
Proctor Academy
Propeller Club, Football Trainer, Varsity Faatball, Glee Club.

Yes, Dinty Moore is to MMA as Joe McCarty is ta the U. S. Senate—he's always talking communism—and with his loran set he'll find the yellow rats.

Hmmmmmmm! The monotone drone of a radar set permeates the air with mystery; all present remain frozen in subdued anticipation; hearts pound as the intensity increases; then—a sigh of relief for in the doorway appears "Dinty," just back fram New York, still clad in his jab suit and praudly clutching his laran ticket in his grubby engineer's hand.

This kipper lad who claims the picturesque little fishing village of Gloucester as his home caue to MMA to spread his home spun philosophy and keep an eye on un-American activities. We hope he will never lase his sense of humor and dry wit and some day will get that cup af milk to "poor sick Arnie."

Robert E. Nickell
339 South Huntingtan Avenue
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

"Nob"
Boston Commerce High

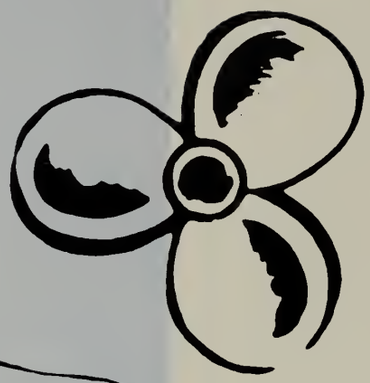
Propeller Club, Band, Intramural Softball, Glee Club, Doyka Dozen.

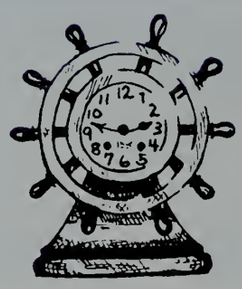
After serving a short time at the "Tam," Nabbie's awn prep school for MMA, this nose with a face behind it felt that he knew enaugh upper jobs to enrall.

After mumbling his way through the first two years, the Nob settled down to the acute ennui af first class life. The same old rautine, Buzzards Bay to Commonwealth Ave. and back with only an occasional stap to pay someone back that buck he borrowed in Madeira.

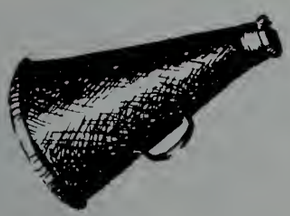
"I don't mind the noise but please turn out the light."

BARRY





CRUISES



The desire to see the world is part of everyone's character. We are among the fortunate few who have fulfilled that desire. Who can say that the sights and sounds of fareign lands that have not affected us tremendously.

All necessary repairs having been made, the Charleston pulled away from the East Boston Fuel Pier on February 5, to begin the first leg of a journey that promised to be our most interesting and educational experience at the Academy—the Mediterranean Cruise.

Our first port of call was that fabulous winter paradise Bermuda. There the warmth and sunlight of this tropical island was a most welcome change from the raw New England weather we had left a few days before. This lovely winter vacation land offered a wide variety of entertainment including golf, swimming, and bicycling. Social events arranged by the M. P. and air police were thoroughly enjoyed by all, and few of us were anxious to leave the hospitality offered at this British colonial possession.

After clearing the many reefs surrounding the island, we found ourselves on the open sea with nothing but sea and water ahead for the next ten days. Time passed quickly, however, and after eleven days at sea, we passed

1953 CRUISE

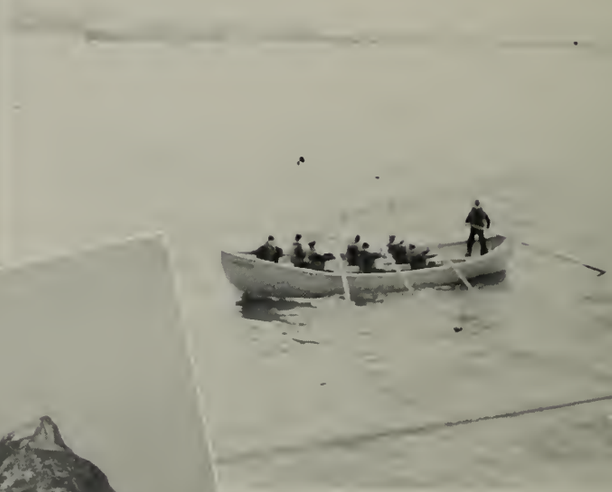
between the Portals of Gibralter, entering the harbor on Washington's birthday. A major portion of her Majesty's royal navy was anchored there, and "dressed" for us in Washington's honor. Since there was work to be done, her Majesty's twenty-one gun salute was ignored and we went right on chipping paint. Amusements were found on "The Rock" and visits were made to the local stores to purchase duty free goods at this free port.

Our next port of call was Malaga, Spain. The Flamenco, Bolero, and the Tango quickly became part of our store of foreign rhythms. Our last night in port was highlighted by a

show presented by an amateur group of dancers from Madrid. Our reluctance to leave this friendly atmosphere was tempered by the knowledge that our next port of call was the French Riviera.

The Charleston nosed its way into Ville Franche on a beautiful sunny morning and was greeted by the USS Newport News, American flag ship of the Mediterranean fleet. Trips to Cannes, Nice and Monte Carlo, where an intensive study of the native customs were made at department stores, restaurants, and cozy French clubs, all made this a wonderful liberty. Many of us would have been content to remain here.

Any regrets over our departure from this beautiful coast were quickly dispelled, for ahead of us lay the beautiful city of Naples and further in-land, Rome. After an uneventful three day run, we steamed into the harbor of Naples under the shadow of Vesuvius and tied up alongside the USS Pittsburgh and the USS Adirondacks. Here we discovered the tremendous purchasing power of a package of American cigarettes and we made the most of this golden opportunity. Some traveled down to the city of Pompii to visit the ruins. Others visited the Isle of Capri. The highlight of this trip, however, was the overnight liberty to visit Naples and Rome, which included the never to be forgotten sight of St. Peters and the Vatican City. With our "loot" stored



away, we slipped out of the harbor of Naples and set our course for Tunis in North Africa. After an almost successful attempt to move a cement dock, we were at once introduced to the mysteries and almost unbearable odors of the native Casbah.

With small regret, our stay at LaGoulette was terminated and we returned to Gibraltar for refueling. Most liberties were spent in shopping and collecting souvenirs for home.

Our final port of call in Europe was the port of Maderia. Arriving at the harbor of Funchal, we were greeted by a swarm of "Bumboats." Little trading was done with these native promoters due to rigid regulations prohibiting such trade. After purchasing all manner of

local goods including Maderia lace, we began our return to the Western Hemisphere and Puerto Rico. The warmth and sunlight of this tropic Isle was most welcome after the damp European weather. Most of the liberties were spent at the Navy base at the swimming pools, P. X.'s, and snack bars.

Gracefully maneuvering out of the slip with the assistance of a navy tug, we rounded Morro Castle, guarded by its ancient guns, and headed for the mouth of the Chesapeake, and Washington, D. C. After a slight detour to Norfolk where we took aboard a pair of propellers salvaged from our sunken Sister ship, the Erie, we finally secured at the Wilson Line Docks, the capitol barely visible through the pouring rain. After a very dreary and wet liberty we "detached" ourselves from the dock and returned down the Potomac headed for Boston harbor where we arrived at 0630 on April 16. We were home at last. Two days later the Charleston returned to Buzzards Bay and once more we returned to the quiet and serenity of the Academy.

BARBADOS

TRINIDAD

HAVANA

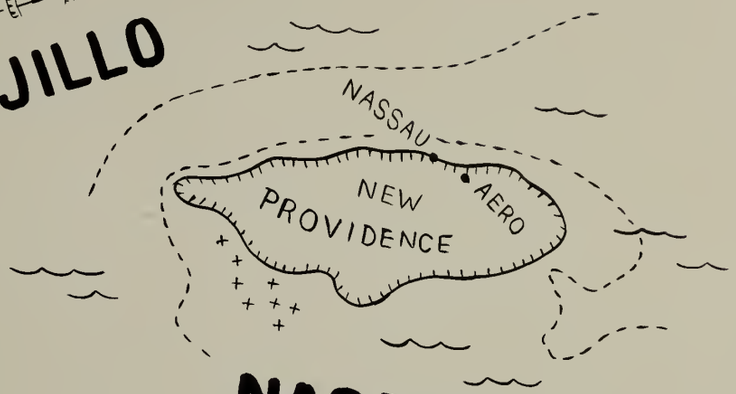
HOUSTON

LA GUAIRA

CHARLESTON

COCO SOLO

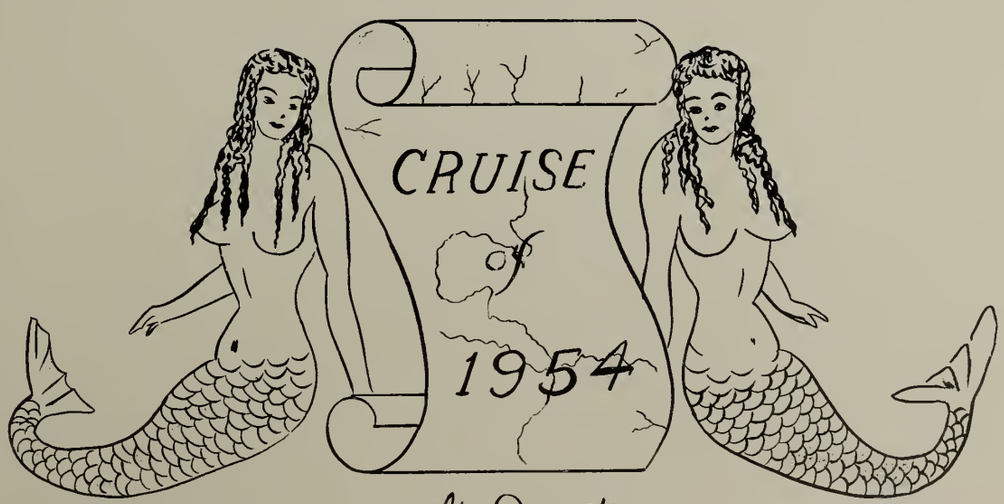
CUIDAD TRUJILLO



NASSAU

BOSTON

FT. LAUDERDALE



Walt. J. Wodis.

In the closing darkness of a very cold February 5, the Charleston pulled away from the East Boston Fuel Pier on the first leg of her '54 Cruise. Even though we were now upperclassmen, and were supposed to be used to the vagaries of the open sea, we were very glad to see Cuidad Trujillo, capital of the Dominican Republic. The city was named after the Trujillo family, the head of which is dictator of the Republic. The oldest church and university in the western hemisphere are located here, and it is claimed by the natives that Columbus is buried here.

We anchored in the rain in Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, and found the town waiting for us. Picnics, parties, and dances were all planned for us and caused sentiment to run high for a permanent stay. The American consul was most kind to us and the Mariners' Club made us all life members.

After three days of hospitality, we raised anchor and headed for Trinidad. Docking at No. 1 Fuel Pier of the U. S. Naval Operations Base, most of us headed immediately for the C. P. O. club as soon as we left ship. Here hungry midshipmen, reveled in the steaks, ice cream, and real fresh milk. Some of us made the trip to Port au Spain, a big tourist center and the capital of Trinidad. After a three

day visit, we left the harbor and set our course south again.

LaGuaira, the sea port for Caracus Venezuela was the high spot of the cruise for many of the midshipmen. Although we found that the American dollar was considerably deflated here, we were soon participating whole heartedly in the many social diversions offered us. Hospitality offered by Xaviar Cugat, whose band was playing at the new Hotel Tamanaco at Caracus, and other private families of the city, was tremendous and seemed to make insignificant our welcome at

previous ports. We were impressed by the tremendous advances being made in building and highway construction in the area. We left with a new respect for our neighbors to the South.

The Navy Base at Coco Solo was our host during a four day stop in the Canal Zone. In spite of frequent skirmishes with the Marine gate guard, we did manage to get out into the town of Colon. The Panama Canal in operation was a very interesting thing to watch, and was enjoyed by all. Colon being a tax-free port, many items of high value could be bought cheaply, especially the 400 day clocks. After a four-day stop the ship left for Havana, the tourist's paradise.

Famous Morro Castle was passed to port one bright morning after a pleasant four-day passage. The Charleston was soon secured to the Ward Line Dock near the center of the city. Havana proved to be very interesting, but a little too commercial for the economy-minded midshipmen. Famous restaurants and bars, soon became familia rrendezvous. A visit to the Cuban Naval Academy made us realize what the real military life is like. It was nice to know that we had finally gotten to see the capital of the tourist world.

The Houston Ship Canal eventually brought us to the second-largest port of the South, fifty miles from the open sea. Our first taste of the states after a two-months absence was

enjoyed by all. This is where the biggest of everything comes from. Many long-distance wires hummed as several got an even closer taste of home. Ice cream and fresh milk sales went up appreciably during our stay. A real Texas Bar-B-Que and dance arranged by the Red Cross made our four-day visit most enjoyable.

Nassau is one place that, as far as we were concerned, certainly lived up to its reputation. Many rich Americans, vacationing on the

island, were only too happy to share their "meager" fare with the midshipmen. The Middies' code of "Our hands shall never touch our wallets," was easy to keep intact here. A tour of a real monastery, plus a dance tendered us by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire added greatly to our enjoyment of the Bahama Islands.

Florida's Gold Coast stretched to the North and South of us as we tied up at Pier No. 3 in Port Everglades. Miami Beach was a mere

25 miles to the South, so many of us went down and took a closer look at one of the most famous cities in the world. There was much to do about Fort Lauderdale, however, since many college girls on vacation were casting about for eligible males.

Charleston the port for which our fair vessel is named, perhaps is better left unwritten. Too many thoughts were on Boston to be interested in Charleston, and the telephone lines indicated such. Nevertheless, many residents

stopped down to see the ship the Navy had given to the "damnyankees", and all were pleasantly surprised. All in all our stay in the city gave us a much-needed rest before the last—and most important leg of our journey.

As in past years, the great mystery occurred again. Nantucket was sighted twelve hours ahead of schedule. The "M.M.A. Current" had come up from the depths as hoped for. As a result we anchored off our destination for the night. Pulling-boat races were a favorite topic of discussion, but nothing ever did come of it. And so at eight-thirty the next morning, amid a few welcome shouts of "Back already?", the faithful Charleston bounced once, then grabbed tight to the bulkhead of Commonwealth Pier. Our second cruise had come to an end.

CRUISE III

Once again, although earlier in the year, the Charleston cast its moorings to take us on our third and final cruise. All the seadogs, rave those on watch, stood about the decks waving goodby to family and friends. Tears filled the eyes of many a young man's sweetheart for fear that she had lost her love to the wiles of unknown lands. It was a blustering day, and unknown to us then was the forecast of a rough voyage to our first port. Off the coast of Florida the engines slowed down to practically a standstill, for in twenty-four hours we had traversed but six miles. The ship pounded, pitched, and rolled, and fear crept into the corners of our hearts, both officers and crew, for her safety. For the young man, this voyage was a rough one and thoughts of seeing his home and family were vanquished by the angry seas.

Days later, not much the worst for our

journey we docked at the port of St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Ah!, a virtual paradise of palm trees and tropical ambrosia, from which the inexperienced suffered. But those experienced in the native pleasures partook freely of the nectar which warmed their souls. From the nightly excursions, the ship was soon laden with the treasures of the isle, which were to comfort us for the remaining ports.

Vive la France, the sunny isle (said with tongue in cheek), of Martinique welcomed us with open arms. It was here that Jim LeBlanc shone and attended his first seminar on the construction of British Destroyers which he expounded on greatly when he returned to the ship. La jolie jeune fille, c'est beau, C'est magnifique. The athletic prowess of Maritime shone as we defeated the Martinique team on their basketball courts. (After Mr. Hemmerly fixed the lights.)

Jungle drums beat as a few of us journeyed up the Parimaribo River on a safari to the bush country through the courtesy of the Dutch government. One false step would send us tumbling into the river and left to the mercy of the deadly pirahna fish. At a native encampment we viewed life in its most primitive state. A truly wonderful experience. The hospitality of the Dutch people will always be remembered and a longing sentiment filled the hearts of many as their band played when we left.

When we reached Curacao we did not know that tragedy would befall us. It was here that Johnny Arnold lost his life which saddened

many, and a dark cloud hung over the ship for the rest of the cruise. Another Dutch port, the people were wonderful and shared the sentiment we felt about Johnny's death. We pulled away from shore with saddened hearts and held services at sea which all attended with great devotion.

We pulled into the Naval base at Trinidad which felt like home to many of us. Here we enjoyed hamburgers, ice cream, sodas, and good American beer. The town of Port au Spain was recovering from a celebration in honor of the visit of Princess Margaret. The middies moved out and helped them recover, to some

extent. Many of us enjoyed the beach of the officers club, and this year our trips from the base to town was not too tormented by the gung ho jarheads who could not understand the finesse of the merchie bums.

Beautiful Cartegena, Columbia, with its picturesque streets and millionaires club. Here we met many friends. We learned a very important thing that although there was a difference in language and custom, the actions of men being trained for the sea are the same

as the boys from the Escuella Naval proved to us. Because of late hours and excessive amount of Scotch we joined in a little tete-a-tete, courtesy of the captain, during the days following our liberty. "Don't think you're going to get away with this scot free. I'm going to set an example of you men!" Immediately our hearts sank. There was no way out. "I'm going to give you a warning!!" A sly smirk of relief and satisfaction covered our faces. Another victory won!

Haiti, a mountainous country, with strange voodoo rites. The days were hot and humid and the nights were cool and full of adventure. At one time they would have taken Sid's head for a nickel or a dime, but now with the cost of living going up the price was too high. We

tried to explain that it wouldn't take much to shrink his head as the process had been in the making for many years. But they would have none of it . . . Nobody has ever been able to find the two civilian personnel who came abroard the Chun over the bow at an ungodly hour of the morning.

Mexico, land of romance and intrigue. Our visit to sunny Vera Cruz was highlighted by fishing excursions around the bay and a gala dance held aboard the vessel. Many of us caught the sweet tasting spanish mackerel whose flavor was enriched by the fact that we had caught them. The Greek brought in his share of fish but the method by which he caught them we can't go into now because of the many intracies involved. Bonita senoritas con a baille. Pedro Sanchez and his all martial orchestra played merry little tunes like "The Stars and Stripes Forever" to dance to. With the aid of a soldering iron and the Ship's amplifier a record hop was held on the O-1 fwd.

New Orleans, famed for its Mardi Gras and French quarter lent a charming atmosphere

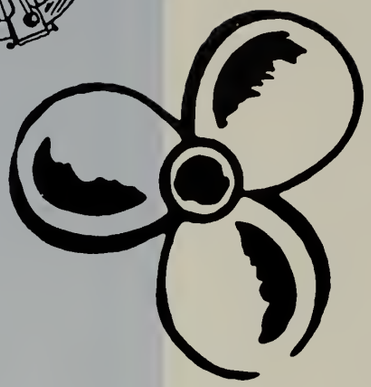
which subdued the middies. We were fascinated by the many different types of people we met here. The home of Dixieland gave an interesting time to all.

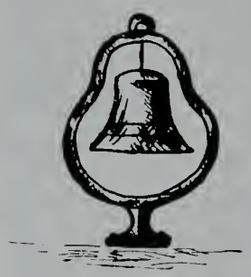
Sunny Florida offered us its gateway city of Jacksonville, a large commercial city which afforded an interesting stay. The Chamber of Commerce provided a dance and other entertainment. We couldn't enjoy these facilities very much for we were filled with the anxiety of our home coming only a few short days away.

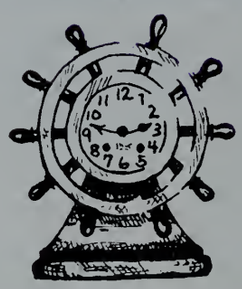
When we arrived in Philly we were only a few short days from home and everybody was happy. The stay was climaxed by a party thrown at the Philadelphia Naval Base which provided the anti-freeze to anticipate the cold days ahead. Like Boston it is one of the historic cities of the country and its museums and parks were something to see.

Home again for the last time. Graduation not too far in the future, we buckled down in earnest for the coming exams. In spite of the rigor, the strife, and the pain, these will always be remembered as some of the happiest days of our lives.

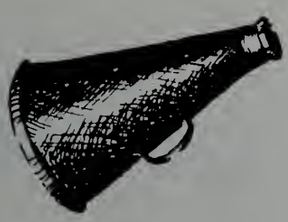
CHARLESTON

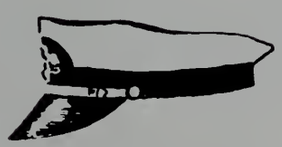




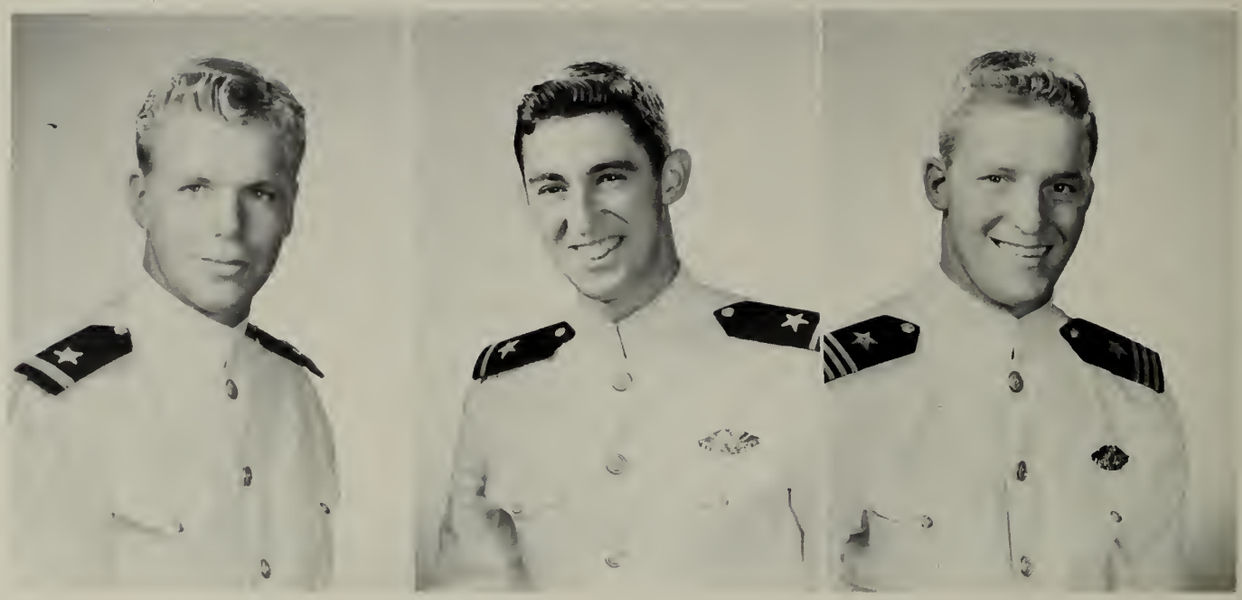


ACTIVITIES





The every-day nature of the academy was brightened by our sacial and extra-curricular activities. Wha will ever farget our seniar dances and the parties fallawing.



Peter Marston, Treasurer

John Panora, President

Robert Wallace, Secretary

CLASS OFFICERS

Selected in our freshman year at the Academy, these men filled their elected positions ably and remained outstanding in the class throughout their three years as our class officers.

Big Jez at the keyboard.

Willie hams it up.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief . . . . . Peter L. Galanis
Assistant Editor . . William H. Thompson
Business Manager . . . . William J. Flynn
Advertising Manager . . . . Paul F. Berry
Faculty Advisor . .Frederick G. Wilkander

MUSTER STAFF

Francis Qualter
Advertising Manager

Peter Galanis
Editor-in-Chief

William Flynn
Business Manager

RING DANCE

The giant replica of our ring dominated the setting for our Ring Dance held early in September at the Sheraton Plaza. Traditional customs were observed as each senior midshipman passed through the Ring with his date. As the top social event of our three years at the Academy, the events of the evening matched our anticipation.

After an evening of dancing, festivities were transferred to the several room parties, where ample potable provisions, provided by the Middies continued the gaiety well into the dawn.

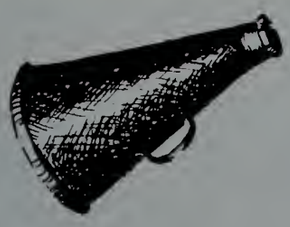
VICTORY DANCE

The Victory Dance was held at the Hotel Fensgate ballroom, on the occasion of the team victory over the Maine Academy. In spite of the inappreciation of the hotel management, the rendition of songs, old and new by a choral group of midshipmen and officers was greatly enjoyed by all.

Acting as hosts, the senior midshipmen can look back on their Spring Dance as a success. Held in the very attractive New Orleans Room of the Sherry Biltmore Hotel, the evening proved most enjoyable.

SPRING DANCE

SPORTS



The development of the physical os well as the mentol quolities ore essentiol in the making of a man. Here, then, on the field of sports, did we fulfill these requirements.

FOOTBALL

Massachusetts Maritime 9
Newport Training Station 0

The Mariners opened their 1954 football season with a win by defeating a strong Navy club. They got off to a fast start with Don Flynn crashing over for a touchdown in the first five minutes of play. The Maritime line continually cut down Newport's backfield hitting them with crushing tackles. The Blue and Gold scored again when Bob Brennock retrieved a Newport fumble outside the endzone for a safety. The stunned Navy team could not recover from this sudden attack and did not seriously threaten us for the rest of the game.

Newport Naval Station suffered its lone defeat in eight games at the hands of the Mariners.

Massachusetts Maritime 31
Quonset Naval Air Station 12

Tony Scarlatta, filling in for the injured Don Flynn, scooted beneath the legs of Tommy Duggan for two quick touchdowns in the first quarter. In the third period Tommy Duggan stormed through the heavy Quonset line for his first touchdown of the year. In the same period Little Tony again struck pay dirt, and Dave Green, the Blue and Gold's sparkling quarterback and co-captain successfully converted. The shocked and weary Quonset club could not hold our spirited team and were subjected to another score on a pass from Kel Matteson to end Dave Callahan.

Coach Harrington, attempting to give the Red-devils even competition, sent in the third team and the Navy took advantage of this by scoring twice in an attempted rally in the last few minutes of the final quarter.

Left to right: Mulqueeny, Scarlatta, Green, Duggan, Fitzpatrick, Scannell.

Worcester Polytechnic Institute . 26
Massachusetts Maritime Academy 7

The Middies traveled to Worcester with high hopes of upsetting one of New England's finest small college teams. It was their first clash in many seasons with a school of that size. Co-captains Green and Wallace elected to receive but in their anxiety, lost the ball on a fumble in the first play from scrimmage. WPI took advantage of this unexpected opportunity to score its first touchdown but missed the extra point.

The underdogs got off the floor to rebound with a score by Duggan, the only MMA touchdown. Green's point after was good and the score rested MMA—7, WPI—6. Coach Harrington's first team held this lead until the final minutes of the half when Tech. scored on a long pass into the end zone. Although in the second half WPI scored two more touchdowns, (on fumbles), the final statistics showed that the Middies outrushed the powerful Engineers on the ground and were high scorers of the nine consecutive teams to bow to Worcester.

Mass. Maritime Academy 28
Dean Junior College 12

After a weeks rest the Mariners climbed back on the victory road by outclassing the Dean Red-devils throughout the entire game. Tommy Duggan scored the first Mass. TD. Don Flynn split the uprights and a few minutes later struck paydirt for himself. Harry Wallace and Bob Brennock combined to tackle an unfortunate Dean back in his own end zone for a safety. The hard fighting Red-devils rallied to score in the second quarter only to have Dave Green connect with a pass to Reggie Berry just before the half ended; Green converted. In the second half, Brian Fitzpatrick spurted for two runs of twenty-five and twenty yards for the mariners final touchdown. Dean again tallied in the final quarter.

Massachusetts Maritime 16
Andover Academy 6

Andover Academy, long a nemesis to the seamen from Buzzards Bay, finally fall prey to a hard fighting and vengeful Maritime eleven. Andover drew first blood, scoring in the first period after a long march. Although at first our offense could not gain, the blue and gold did an excellent job on defense, climaxed by Bob Brennock and Harry Wallace scoring a safety in the second period.

In the second half due to the muddy field, quarterback Dave Green kept his backfield pounding the line. It paid off in the third period when Don Flynn broke away off tackle for six points and then made good the point. And again in the fourth quarter after a sustained drive when Tommy Duggan plowed through for another six points with Flynn adding another point after.

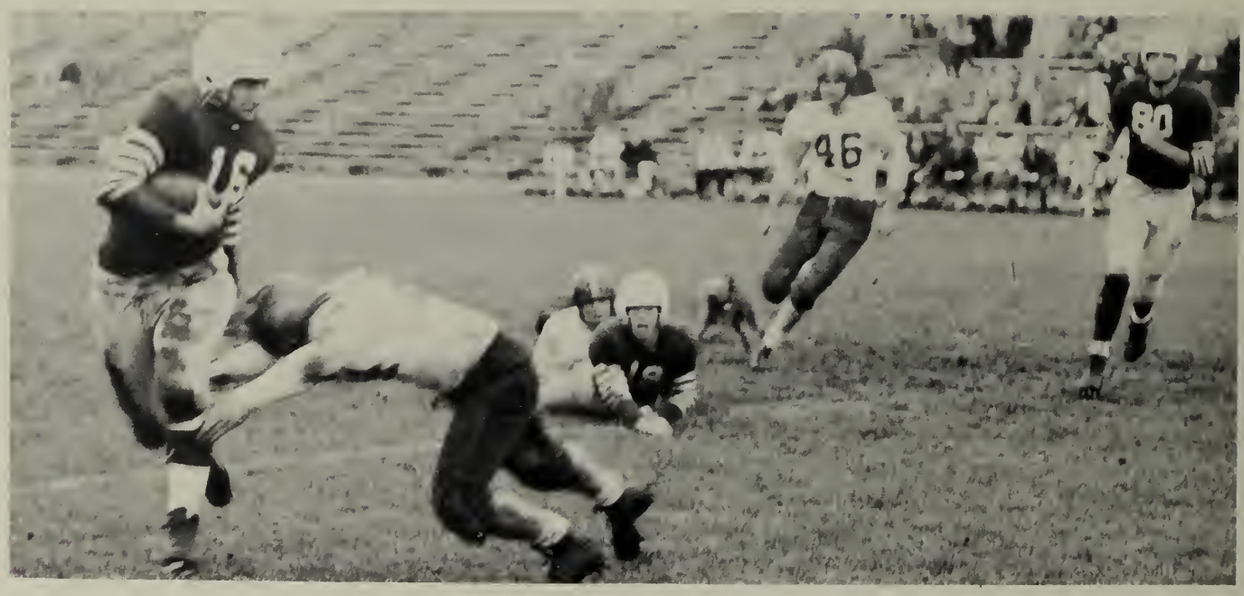
The pre-season schedule included a game with Nichols Junior College of Webster as a tune up for the big game with Maine. Two weeks before the game was to be played, however, Coach Harrington received a letter cancelling the game. Their excuse for not playing us was that they, a junior college, could not play as we had engaged a four year college in Worcester Tech. Could it have been that they had scouted the game and seen the seamen not only stop the powerful Engineers ground offense but also outrush an undefeated Tech?

Massachusetts Maritime 31
Maine Maritime 13

In the big game with our traditional rivals from Castine, the Mariners finished another great season on Bertram Field in Salem, by smothering Maine 31-13. In the first period Tommy Duggan bulled his way over from the one yard line. The next session featured Don Flynn intercepting an aerial and returning it 55 yards to the Maine one. He then pushed it over for the second score of the game. In the same period Flynn broke away for another run of 75 yards to the visitors five yard line. Dave Green carried into the end zone with Matteson adding the point. In the second half Tommy Duggan plowed over for the fourth tally of the game. Maine, then to save face, scored once in each of the quarters of the last half. Also in the final quarter Don Flynn connected with end Bob Brennock for the final six points of the season for Massachusetts.

The 1954 season completed the first decade of football at the Maritime Academy . . . Coach Harrington has enjoyed more victories in the past two years than he had in the previous six seasons since he took over in 1947.

The Maine game brought to a close the football careers of the following at the Academy: Co-captains Quarterback Dave Green and Guard Henry Wallace; Backs Don Flynn, Brian Fitzpatrick, and Jerry Scannel; Tackles Bob Collis and Ed Hammond; Ends Bill Thompson and Dave Callahan; and Guard Ed Ducharme. All wish Mr. Harrington, Mr. Brennan, and the future Middie elevens the best of luck.



MARINERS

9	Newport Naval Station	0
31	Quonset Naval Air Station	12
7	Worcester Polytechnic Institute	26
28	Dean Junior College	12
16	Phillips Andover Academy	6
—	Nichols Junior College	DNP
31	Maine Maritime Academy	13

19—BASKETBALL—55

After a slow start, the Blue and Gold hoopsters, captained by Dave Green and Dan McLaughlin, finally won the first game in six starts by defeating Boston University Junior College 51-47. This first win was what they needed for they went on to win six of the remaining nine games. In addition to the co-captains Ed Hammond and John Panora were the only first classmen on the team. Against some of the best teams in the Caribbean Area, Fitzgerald, Blazewicz, Tache, Ziminsky and Lynch showed the "Gooks" some of the finer points of the game completely outclassing them. The team returned to Coach Zimmerman with a very much improved record and left behind in the Carribean a lot of good-will with our Pan American neighbors.

SEASON'S RECORD

	MMA	Opp.
New Bedford Textile Institute	61	83
Providence Bible College	41	43
Newport Naval Station	62	73
Assumption College	54	63
Salem Teachers College	54	56
Boston University Junior College	51	47
Bridgewater Teachers College	55	50
Merrimack College	57	67
Curry College	51	58
Providence Bible College	67	60
Martinique All-Stars	47	25
Paramaribo Indepedents (Dutch Guiana)	48	45
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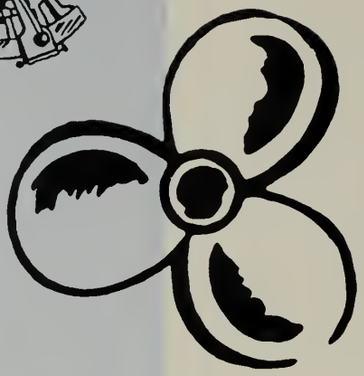

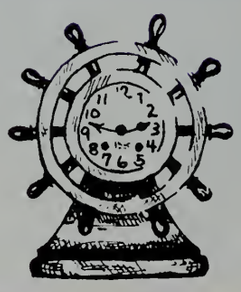

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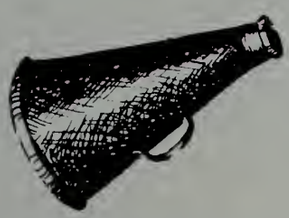

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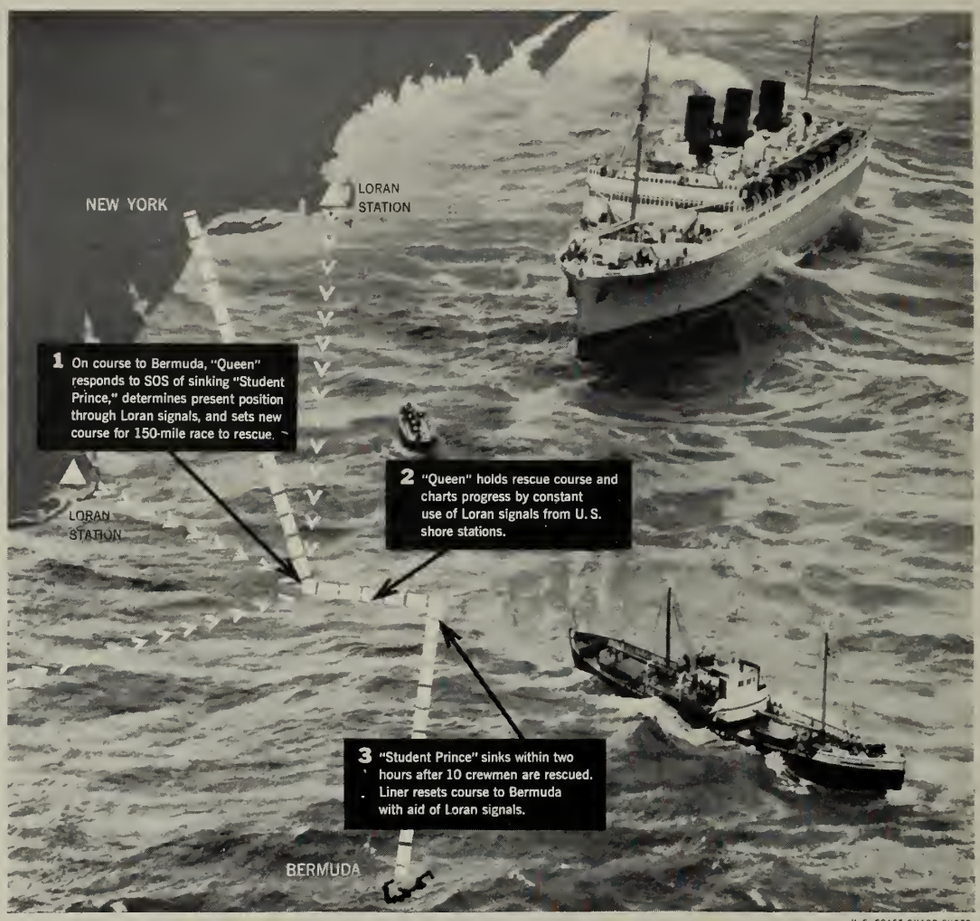
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LORAN STATION
1 On course to Bermuda, "Queen" responds to SOS of sinking "Student Prince," determines present position through Loran signals, and sets new course for 150-mile race to rescue.
LORAN STATION
2 "Queen" holds rescue course and charts progress by constant use of Loran signals from U. S. shore stations.
3 "Student Prince" sinks within two hours after 10 crewmen are rescued. Liner resets course to Bermuda with aid of Loran signals.
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10 ON WRECK SAVED BY BERMUDA LINER

Battered Fishing Boat Sinks Two Hours After Dramatic Rescue in Atlantic Gale ■ N.Y. TIMES, JAN. 7, 1955

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

It was 9:13 on the stormy night of January 5th when the outbound *Queen of Bermuda* responded to the SOS of the *Student Prince II*. Her seams opened by the battering North Atlantic gale and her lifeboat smashed in a futile attempt to abandon ship, the fishing boat was sinking rapidly with 10 men aboard. Could the *Queen* reach her in time, 150 miles away, with stormy skies making celestial navigation impossible? She could and did —with the guidance of Sperry Loran. As planes of the Coast Guard and Air Force circled overhead keeping the sinking vessel in sight, the *Queen* was able to pinpoint the location of the fishing boat and remove every member of the crew—just two hours before the stricken craft went to the bottom.

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